THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLIV. No. 1123 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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A New Ataturk in Egypt?

IT looks as though pressure of events were compelling General Neguib and his Military Committee to become Kemalists despite themselves. Last week-end, only six weeks after his original coup, the General "accepted the resignation" of his Premier, Aly Maher, clapped three score or so of Egypt's leading political figures in gaol, and formed a new Cabinet in which he combines the functions of Premier, Minister of War, Military Governor and Commander-in-Chief. The Military Committee still remains in the background, and the new Cabinet is composed of civilians—mainly non-party technicians—but it includes two Ministers drawn from the extreme Nationalist party and another who figured among the leaders of the Moslem Brotherhood before accepting office. Thus there seems likely to be a tinge of religious fanaticism coupled with nationalism in the General's New Model; indeed, the fact that a number of the Saadist leaders figured among the arrests seems ascribable to the Saadists' past hostility to the Brotherhood.

According to an Army spokesman, Aly Maher had proved himself "unable to keep pace with the new mentality of the nation." He was known, in fact, to be taking the view that the proposed land reform, with its provisions that the big estates should be limited to 200 acres and the surplus sold on instalment terms to landless peasants in 2-acre units, would have damaging effects on agricultural production. He belonged, after all, himself to the class of land-owning Pashas. The immediate cause, however, of General Neguib's Cromwellian new move was undoubtedly the recalcitrance of the Wafd which announced, last Friday, that it rejected the competence of the Commission which had been set up to investigate corruption in political parties. The Wafd leaders evidently thought that General Neguib's reforms were making him unpopular, not merely with the upper class but with the middle-sized farmers; and they apparently thought that they could safely challenge his authority. The Army's answer has been the gaoling of Fuad Serag ed-Din, his brothers, and several other former Wafd Ministers.

It would, however, be an over-simplification to describe the latest developments in Egypt as a mere contest waged by the Army and the Moslem Brotherhood against the Wafd and the Saadists. The real situation is that, when he moved against King Farouk, General Neguib and his Committee destroyed feudalism in Egypt, leaving in its place a political and economic vacuum which has to be filled—however little they may have thought out in advance the ways of filling it. They cannot afford to strain the patience of the landless peasantry to whom they have promised a New Age; and, still more important, they have to face the fact that the social and economic revolution in Egypt which they have started cannot be carried out successfully without a considerable degree of industrialisation required to absorb the terrible, if concealed, unemployment on the over-populated land.

Here General Neguib is confronted with a dilemma. Egypt's economic reconstruction demands large-scale investment, much of which must come from abroad; indeed, Aly Maher had asked for American Point Four funds to finance both agricultural developments in the Delta and Western Desert, and to expand industrial plant. But will foreign aid be forthcoming if the extreme nationalist and rabidly Moslem influences which the General has now incorporated in his Cabinet compel him to take a strongly xenophobe line in foreign policy? Kemal Ataturk in Turkey had to face the task of beginning to modernise an ancient Moslem feudalism. The unknown factor in the present Egyptian equation is whether Neguib has Kemal's powers of ruthless but constructive leadership.

The Engineering Crisis

The decision of the shipbuilding employers to follow the engineering employers' lead and refuse for a second time, categorically and without any suggestion of a counter offer, the 40s. a week wage claim, made it practically inevitable that the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, meeting at York on Wednesday, would vote for protest action. The wage demand, proposed in the first instance by the A.E.U., was always regarded with misgivings by some of the unions as being unrealistic in size and obviously unacceptable to the employers: but the em-

ployers' attitude, in appearing to be unwilling to yield an inch, clearly strengthened the influence of the "militants": it was "a challenge," said Mr. Brotherton at Margate, "to the trade union movement as a whole." So, in a few weeks, there is to be a ban on piecework and overtime—a form of protest which, if prolonged, would produce chaos in large sections of the industry. It would also mean sharp reductions in the earnings of skilled men; indeed, it would be nearly as costly as a strike for many workers, and the two general workers' unions are openly opposed to the plan, though they were overruled by the craftsmen's unions at York. The next move will presumably be taken by the Ministry of Labour; the Government, with the needs of rearmament and the export drive in mind, can hardly let the situation drift.

Yugoslav Democracy?

The Yugoslavs, to whom Mr. Eden is about to pay a flying visit, are going through a difficult time, politically as well as economically. It can never be easy for a dictatorship to "let up"; and this is bound to be hardest of all when there is no past experience of democratic government to be drawn on, and when there is an acute shortage of trained or skilled administrative personnel. To-day, the Yugoslavs seem to be making an effort to liberalise their political conditions, as well as to decentralise their system of industrial control. But they are encountering hard problems in trying to build up a system of local government to replace the control previously exercised by local party units; and there seems to be a tough struggle for power going on between the party bosses and the new administrators acting under the auspices of the Popular Committees which are the Yugoslav equivalent of our town and county councils. In the factories, up to a point, the attempt to throw full responsibility on Works Committees acting in collaboration with the appointed managers seems to be going well, though the very high taxes levied in the factories for financing the investment programme leave too little surplus for raising wages as an incentive to higher output, and the low purchasing power of the workers is causing, in some industries, a piling up of unsold stocks of goods. Agriculture presents even bigger problems; for since the attempt to enforce collectivisation was given up, there has been no real policy, and peasants are badly short of good seeds, fertilisers, and breeding stocks.

Charter for Authors

Delegates from 43 States, including the U.S., signed last week-end at Geneva a new international copyright Convention, designed to give authors and composers a uniform minimum protection for their rights in all the signatory countries. Much difficulty has been caused in the past by the differences between the copyright law affecting foreign authors' rights in the United States and the laws of the countries which accept the Berne Convention, to which Great Britain is a party; and these difficulties have been a special handicap to British authors, who have been unable to secure any real protection for works issued in the first instance outside the United States. The American delegate, Mr. Luther Evans, Librarian of the United States Congress, said after signing that he hoped to get the convention through Congress, "but it may be difficult." It may indeed! One can but hope for the best. If the Convention is ratified, all the present formalities needed for securing copyright in foreign countries will be swept away, and the author will be protected in all signatory States for a minimum period of his life and 25 years after his death, *plus* such further protection as is given to native authors by the laws of each State. Translation rights are explicitly covered; and special clauses maintain the provisions of the Berne Convention and of the separate Pan-American Convention. It is greatly to be hoped that the Convention will be speedily ratified by all the leading countries.

Branded Petrol

Not unnaturally, since high-quality petrol makes for better "performance," the motoring organisations are supporting the oil companies' campaign to secure permission for the marketing of top-grade branded petrol. The argument that "better petrol goes further" may be specious; but there is force in the contention that it was with Government encouragement that the oil companies have greatly extended their catalytic cracking plants; that utilisation of these plants to produce "utility" fuel means the loss of valuable by-products in the form of chemicals derived from "high-quality" production as an offset to the relatively greater consumption of crude oil involved; and that there is no reason why the tetra-ethyl-lead required for high-octane petrol could not, within a short period, be produced entirely in this country. The factor, however, which the Government will have to weigh is that the resumption of competitive sales of branded petrol would probably absorb considerably more resources in the way of labour and transport than are required by "pool" distribution.

WASHINGTON

Trouble on the Fringes

A Correspondent writes: It was said of Calvin Coolidge that every time he opened his mouth a moth flew out. Many of Mr. Eisenhower's speeches are giving much the same impression, for he has been driven into platitudes, first by his own ignorance of some of the domestic subjects on which he must speak, and, secondly, by his need to straddle the split between diehards and "Young Turks" in his own party. Governor Stevenson, on the contrary, is becoming more decisive and outspoken as the campaign develops, even though this is evoking some angry protests from the disappointed South. He is now firmly committed to a Fair Employment Practices Commission, with "police powers" to intervene in States which have not taken adequate steps to eliminate discrimination against Negroes; he has declared for the outright repeal of the Taft-Hartley labour law, and its replacement by an entirely new measure; he has called for a change in the Senate rules, to restrict the filibusters which the South has staged so often; and he has come out strongly against the right of individual States to exploit the oil lying under their coastal waters.

It is this stand on tidelands oil, above all else, which has led to the revolt in Texas. Governor Shivers, backed by the Dixiecrats, has now declared for Eisenhower. He has kept his promise that Stevenson and Sparkman should appear on the ballot as the official Democratic nominees, but has told the Texas Democrats that they are free to vote for the Republican candidates. This, of course, has raised the Republicans' somewhat slim hopes of carrying Texas, and perhaps South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana and Virginia as well, especially since Eisenhower has had a warm personal reception during his flying trip across the South. But Stevenson has chosen to take this risk by making an unambiguous stand.

The Democrats must also be bothered by the mix-up in New York, where the Liberal Party—which could hold the balance of votes in a close contest—has refused to swallow the nomination of a Democratic party hack for Senator, and has put forward a Columbia University teacher on its own ticket, rather than follow its normal course of supporting the top end of the Democratic list. Senator Ives, the Republican seeking re-election, is relatively "liberal" and a good vote-getter. The Liberals justify their move by saying that many independent voters would otherwise shun the Democratic "machine-man" in favour of Ives, thus damaging Stevenson's chances; they have therefore given "independents" the opportunity to vote for Stevenson on the Liberal ticket, without having to accept Tammany's choice for Senator.

PARIS

Upwards and Onwards

Our Paris Correspondent writes: "Just you wait—I'll make them *squeal!*" M. Pinay remarked the other day, referring to "vested interests," and "business gangs." He was denouncing their "sordid sense of lucre" and their lack of civic responsibility—in short, he was very angry with the butchers and the vegetable wholesalers, and others who have again started pushing up the cost of living. However, none of these threats are taken very seriously, and as *Franc-Tireur* points out, the Premier continues to be on the best of terms with M. Villiers, head of the employers' Federation, who is dead against any increase in wages, and M. Gingembre who represents the shopkeepers and will not hear of a cut in "legitimate profits." But with even the official price index rising, the day seems near when a five per cent. increase in wages will have to be applied in terms of even the ultra-cautious sliding-scale law approved by M. Pinay himself last Spring. So he is doing a sort of tightrope dance between "liberalism" and "anti-liberalism" and we may not know till Parliament meets where we stand.

Tunis, Morocco, Indo-China—they have all been in the news; but nothing is known yet of the outcome of the Bao-Dai-Auriol talks, except that Bao-Dai has been pressing for "greater autonomy," including the replacement of the French High Commissioner in Vietnam by an Ambassador, and has also been pushing for Vietnam's admission to U.N. The prevalent French view on Tunis is that an agreement of sorts might very well be reached with the Bey and his advisers, but for the unnecessary encouragement now given them by the United States, and notably by Mr. Gross, its U.N. delegate, who offered his good services "between France and Tunisia." If no agreement could be reached between the two before the meeting of the U.N. Assembly, the U.S. would support the Arab-Asian bloc against France. The anger against Mr. Gross in French Government quarters and amongst the French in Tunisia is acute.

In Morocco, too, there is trouble brewing, but the odd thing is that General Guillaume, the Resident-General, appears to be more liberal-minded than M. Pinay. Though the General made a somewhat "Blimpish" debut at Rabat, he has, it appears, since been urging the Quai d'Orsay to be more forthcoming in its long-delayed reply to the Sultan's Note of last March

in which the latter pressed for a number of important reforms. The General's line is that when France succeeded last year in preventing Morocco from being discussed at U.N., she got what he called "a year's respite," and he then declared that this chance should not be missed for starting serious negotiations between Paris and Rabat. But nothing has been done.

STOCKHOLM

Election Issues

A Correspondent in Sweden writes: The General Election for the Second Chamber which takes place on September 21 is being fought predominantly on domestic issues. Strong public resentment was naturally caused by the shooting down of the two unarmed Swedish planes off the Estonian coast last June by Russian fighters, and the recent spy trial did serious damage to the Swedish Communist Party; but, though Herbert Tingsten, editor of the (Liberal) *Dagens Nyheter*, has been urging that the Government should carry the aeroplane case to the Security Council, and influential elements in the Conservative Party are now openly supporters of the Atlantic Pact, there is no sign of any real inclination in Sweden to abandon, in foreign affairs, the policy of well-armed neutrality, in which over 23 per cent. of the Budget is allocated to Defence.

Out of 230 seats in the last Parliament the coalition of Social-Democrats (112) and Farmers' Party (30) held together 142 seats—a fairly substantial majority in Sweden. To judge by the heavy drop registered by the Communist vote in the 1950 local elections (180,000, as compared with 400,000 in 1946), the Communist Party is expected to lose at least three of its present eight seats to the Social-Democrats. Whether the Social-Democrats will gain an absolute majority, which would enable them to dispense with their alliance with the Farmers, is problematic. They have been in power now for 20 years, and they can point to a good record of social reform. To-day, they argue, Swedish workers are enjoying full employment, family allowances, Old Age pensions at 67 and good housing at heavily subsidised rents. The cost of living, it has to be admitted, has risen by nearly 20 per cent. in the past twelve months; but this, they claim, is being offset by reasonable increases of wages and social benefits—which they propose to extend by compulsory health insurance and higher compensation for loss of earnings from illness.

As for the Opposition, the Communists, who are still strong in Gothenburg and Lulea, have been attacking the Social-Democrats for their timidity towards the banks and insurance companies, who still control the bulk of Swedish industry; but the real challenge to the Social-Democrats comes from the bourgeois parties—the Conservatives and so-called Liberals. Very much as the British Conservatives did in 1951, they have been trying to lay on the Government's shoulders the whole blame for increased prices; and they have been holding before the electorate the promise of cheaper living costs brought about by lower taxes and retrenchment in State expenditure. How this is to be achieved is by no means clear, and there is no evidence that the Opposition has made serious inroads into Social-Democratic strongholds. The weakness of the Social-Democratic Party is that it has become, by mere length of tenure, somewhat "official," not to say complacent; and there is some force in complaints that its recent administration has involved too much feather-bedding of the farmers. On the whole, however, it will be surprising if the voting on September 21 brings about any dramatic change in the position of the parties.

The Price of Stability

One small incident symbolised the attitude of the Trades Union Congress towards wage-restraint. Just before the vote was taken, an official of an important union left the floor. His delegation soon afterwards cast its card vote for "restraint"; the official was on his way to London to draft the final details of a substantial wage-demand. The union concerned, of course, considered that this claim was "justifiable" within the meaning of the resolution approved by the General Council, and it will be pressed, despite the conscience-saving formula endorsed by the Margate Congress. The same is true of other claims, on behalf of several million workers. Whatever "moral" support the T.U.C. may thus give to Mr. Butler's attempt to stave off an all-round increase in wages, the unions have no intention of accepting a wage "freeze" rigid enough to satisfy the Chancellor and the City.

At the present time, a good many wage increases are not merely justifiable; they are unavoidable, unless there are to be sporadic strikes, "go-slow," and bans on overtime. The rise in living costs over the last year, accentuated by Budget measures which are just beginning to make themselves felt, has meant that real wages have fallen. The present claims, for the most part, are not designed to give organised labour a larger share of the national cake, but to restore the size of its slice. It is not a real wage increase that is sought, but the kind of rough parity with prices that is being automatically secured by unions whose rates are linked to prices by sliding-scale agreements. Some unions, moreover, have fallen farther behind than others, and they could not accept any form of restraint which recognised a wage advance secured by a union which submitted its claim in January, and denied any adjustment to another union, with an equally strong case, whose agreement came to an end in June.

But there is a third argument, which was clearly in the minds of many delegates at Margate. The first responsibility of a trade union is to bargain on behalf of its members. While there was a Labour Government, with a progressive social policy, the unions were able to look beyond the pay-packet. Now the situation has changed. It is not mere political prejudice that makes the unions unwilling to offer Mr. Butler the co-operation that they gave Sir Stafford Cripps, nor are they bent irresponsibly on making life difficult for an administration they dislike and distrust. The point is that they must now work in a different economic context. If the Government is seeking to reduce consumption by a financial policy that the unions regard as clumsy and inequitable, then the unions are bound to respond in a traditional fashion. If deflation is to be engineered in a "capitalist" manner, then it will be opposed by "anti-capitalist" techniques.

This simple fact is too easily overlooked by those who urge the unions to be "statesmanlike" and condemn wage demands as "irresponsibility" in the face of a national crisis. It is true that an all-round increase in wages would add to the inflationary pressure; that the poorly organised workers and the pensioners would carry an additional burden; and that consequent costs would raise our export prices. It is equally true that wage advances rapidly become meaningless unless an equivalent increase in productivity adds to the quantity of available goods and services. But, so long as profits remain swollen, so long as the dislocation caused by the rearmament programme leads to a decline in total production, and so long as Tory policy concentrates upon retrenchment of the crudest kind, it is psychologically impossible for the unions to take the wider view at the expense of their members.

The General Council talk in terms of national unity, as if the unions and the employers were sharing equally in the salvage of the leaking boat. Most trade unionists do not see things this way. To them it seems as if the Tory captain is conspiring with the employers to throw the unpleasant task of baling entirely on the working class. Indeed, they do not believe that the boat can be saved at all by the present methods, but until there is a change of command they will continue to demand fair shares in the work of rescue.

The truth is that Tory economic policy is both impracticable and unacceptable. Wage-restraint, let alone a coherent wages policy, would make sense only within a framework of social welfare and planning. It would have to be accompanied, not merely by food subsidies and price control, but also by stringent restriction of profits and by drastic curbs on socially wasteful consumption and production. Such controls, moreover, would have to be highly selective, and clearly directed towards the goal of stability. It is no use telling the unions that they must face the facts of the crisis when the only remedy proposed is the blunderbuss method of a "bankers' deflation" and panicky cuts in social services.

No one would deny that if Britain is ever to see its way through the recurrent import-export problem, let alone begin to raise its living standards, there is bound to be a period in which standards must be temporarily reduced. But it is indefensible for the reduction to be secured by the blind and haphazard course of monetary manipulation. The reduction must be sensibly planned and the burden equitably distributed. It must be accompanied, moreover, by an economic expansion over several years, at least equal in pace to that of 1949-50. But to do this, it means that there must be draconic measures of control to eliminate waste and socially unnecessary luxuries; that goods and services forgone must be directed into a national investment programme to modernise our industry; and that the workers of this country must once again be convinced that full employment and social welfare are the cornerstones of Government policy.

The case for such a plan is clearly set out in Mr. Harold Wilson's new *Tribune* pamphlet, "In Place of Dollars," in which he rightly

urges that the Labour Movement must not sink into a morass of negative protests, but must have the courage to advance a programme of national survival, even if it involve some unpopular measures. This, in fact, is the real challenge now facing British Labour. Nothing would be more easy than to win the next election simply by making capital out of the hardships and errors which have followed the Tory victory last October. Nothing would be easier than to encourage indiscriminate wage demands, and sit smiling at the discomfitures of the Tories and the employers.

To do this would be morally wrong; it would also be to repeat Mr. Churchill's own mistake. By blaming every difficulty upon the dogmatic incompetence of the Labour Government, he encouraged false hopes of early improvements under a Tory regime, and made his Government look silly when it started to plead "international difficulties" in its defence. It would be fatal for Labour even to permit the implication that the defeat of the Tories would mean an immediate return to the relatively easy conditions of 1948-50. On the contrary, Labour should not be afraid to stress that a period of sacrifice still lies between us and stability. That way leadership lies, and elections are won as much by leadership as by petty appeals to popular dissatisfaction. Given such a plan, Labour would not need to fear a return to office in conditions of crisis. It would, in fact, return to power with a Socialist solution, and a mandate to carry it out in the true national interest. In the interim, both in Parliament and on the industrial front, it must oppose the futile and damaging policy that the City is forcing on the Government. But such opposition would indeed be irresponsible unless both wings of the Labour Movement are ready to pay the true price of stability when their turn comes again.

The Brakes Are On in Malaya

Before Mr. Lyttelton went to Malaya last year he said: "You will find us very progressive people as far as constitutional advancement is concerned." Whatever the impressions he gained, or made, during his visit, his subsequent words and actions have shown pretty clearly that his real intention is to slow down Malayan progress towards self-government and independence to a snail's pace. The current political drift—with the Emergency as a convenient pretext—is back towards the paternalistic forms of indirect rule used during the 19th Century. This is the exact reverse of Britain's proclaimed policy of creating democratic institutions which shall be capable of standing upright after we have left. If we have to withdraw from Malaya soon, the Lyttelton-Templer regime will have left behind a dangerous vacuum. If we remain for a decade of two, it will, if persisted in, set up just those explosive tensions which British foreign policy in Asia had been trying to avoid.

The touchstone of progress towards democratic self-government is the successful creation and working of electoral machinery and institutions. In India—with a literacy-rate less than a quarter that of Malaya—the back of this task was broken well before our departure. In Ceylon we created before the war an electorate based on adult suffrage whose first reaction, after we left, was to support moderate and responsible parties. If Sir Henry Gurney were still alive, there is no doubt that he would now be pushing ahead—Emergency or no Emergency—with preparations for elections to the Malayan legislative assemblies. The phased programme which he had set himself, undeterred by the guerilla outbreaks, was: 1951 and 1952, local authority elections; 1953 and 1954, elections for State legislative councils; 1954 and 1955, elections for parts of the Central legislature. It is quite clear that the Gurney programme has now been abandoned. How has this happened and why

Mr. Lyttelton's explanations of the change of policy, as he gave them to the House of Commons on July 17, were disingenuous. When pressed by Mr. Griffiths for information on State council elections he referred to the disturbed condition of Johore State (before Gurney's death State council elections there had already been decided on) and said he did not know when it would be possible to proceed with elections in Johore. He was not sufficiently interested to give information about the possibilities in other States and Settlements. What about Kelantan, Trengannu and Perlis, which are almost undisturbed? And what is holding up preparations for elections to the councils of Malacca and Penang? Mr. Lyttelton might even, had he been really concerned, have discussed the possibility of holding elections in the more secure parts of each State as has already been done in Burma and is to be done in Vietnam next Spring. But in an almost naively candid addendum the Colonial Secretary gave his real reason for halting progress. It had nothing to do with guerilla disturbances. "It is a profound political misapprehension," he said, "to believe that self-government in plural societies is the instrument of bringing the races together. There must be regular and orderly progress."

This language has a familiar ring. It is the terminology used even five years ago by "old hands" of the Indian Civil Service to prove that decades must pass before India could achieve self-rule. The truth is that what is required in Malaya, both to break up the old communal alignments and to qualify the country for self-rule, is more, not less, political activity. The Gurney policy of going ahead with elections stimulated the emergence of the only two significant all-races parties, the Independence for Malaya Party and the Pan-Malayan Labour Party. The skilful and continuous encouragement given by Gurney and Brazier to the Malayan trade unions to organise and hold elections has given the Federal Legislative Council its only all-races bloc of nominated members. Elsewhere in Asia, where communalism and political backwardness have been problems, elections have had the same stimulating effect. "In India adult suffrage is proving to be a powerful factor in breaking down caste and religious barriers," wrote Shiva Rao, one of the Indian deputies, after this year's general election.

To-day in Malaya both communalism and old inefficient habits are taking a new lease of life from the Lyttelton-Templer policy of putting a sharp brake on the creation of representative institutions. The semi-indirect rule at present in operation provides an atmosphere in which racialism flourishes. Whatever may have been the intention behind the "federal constitution" of 1947, it has, in fact, resulted in a reaccumulation of power by the Sultans of the nine Malay States. They are supported by British advisers, many of whom are extreme traditionalists with a sentimental and undiscriminating bias in favour of everything Malay. The rule of the Sultans is the embodiment of the communal idea; and the Rulers feel that their power depends upon a Malay privileged political status, and upon an attitude of racial separateness and defensiveness. In the past few years the initiative in all sorts of matters has been allowed to pass into the hands of the Malay Rulers and the tight cliques surrounding them, with the result that progress towards a non-communal society has been handicapped as greatly as social and economic advancement.

The Rulers have been allowed to delay and obstruct the extension of nationality rights; to fix franchise qualifications; and to postpone the granting of land to Chinese squatters. Health schemes have been allowed to wait on their initiative, with disastrous results; and the work of the Rural and Industrial Development Authority in raising the social and economic standards of the peasant has been paralysed because projects can only be undertaken at the behest of the States. The fact that the State Rulers have Legislative Councils does not alter the position. These State Legislatures are nominated by the Rulers, and the Malay members are mainly court politicians with feudal backgrounds, or selected Chinese or Indians who are faithful supporters of Sultanate rule. The reactionary oligarchies in the States are, to a great extent, mirrored in the Federal Legislature which includes the nine Malay State Prime Ministers as ex-officio members and no elected representatives.

When General Templer arrived in Malaya last February, he realised quite soon the inadequacy of the existing wielders of power. But his reaction—like that of Mr. Lyttelton—was exactly the wrong one. It was to use the Sultans and other nominees as instruments of his own vigorous personality. "Pulling in the Sultans," as it has been called, may be a good short-term policy. In the long run this brand of paternalism is certain to be disastrous. New, forward-looking local people have got to be brought into the picture in Malaya and given real responsibility. And an essential step in this direction is the holding of elections—first for the State councils, and then for the Federal Assembly. Self-rule in Malaya can only be handed over to representatives of the people, not to effete oligarchies; and Britain's chief political task is to move ahead rapidly with the creation of representative institutions.

They are the first and essential cornerstones for a progressive handing over of responsibility to local leaders, at either State or Federal level. Sir Henry Gurney saw this clearly, but his successor, with far less political experience, and under the influence of a different Colonial Secretary, shows signs of being set—however subtly—upon turning back the clock.

DERRICK SINGTON

London Diary

My friend from overseas had spent a couple of days at Margate listening to the T.U.C. debates. He had come away puzzled by the way the Congress developed into a knockabout scrap between the General Council and the Communists. On the main issues, he complained, he heard very little from the solid block of delegations who took what he assumed to be the normal "Labour" point of view. On the platform were the bosses who sit on the General Council, men taught by experience of manipulating big conferences of this kind to believe that the best defence of their own position and interests is to confuse all criticism with Communism. (Ernie Bevin was the past-master of this sport; he left some apt pupils.) Scattered around the floor were the relatively few Communist trade union officials, who managed to get a hearing out of all proportion to their numbers. Actually the number of Communists is minute, as their failure to win a single Parliamentary seat plainly shows. But to magnify Communist influence suited the book of the General Council, since it forced unions, which would have preferred to reach their own decision, to choose between the Communist line and the Right-wing bosses on the platform. It also suited the Communists, who are glad to claim the credit of any votes cast against the General Council. But surely it is a dangerous game trying to lump together in the same category Communists for whom wage claims are largely a matter of tactics, and those who believe that there is hope yet for Britain, and that we may still have our own brand of Socialism.

* * *

That spasmodically high-minded character who writes the Londoner's Diary in the *Evening Standard* appears to be an attentive reader of this column. Here, in full, is what he had to say (September 5) about my "cold-blooded" approach to the tragedy of China.

> From London, it is not easy to realise the full tragedy of the people of China, 10,000 miles away. But it would be difficult to find anyone who appears to be more cold-blooded about it than Mr. Kingsley Martin, editor of the *New Statesman*.
>
> Mr. Martin recently stated that Mao, the Red Leader, had shot a million and a half of his fellow countrymen.
>
> In the issue published to-day, the *New Statesman* revises that figure: "It is clear that it is too small."
>
> In another part of to-day's issue, Mr. Martin states: "This journal has throughout welcomed the Chinese Revolution, and I have no doubt of its immense benefit to the Chinese people."

Note first that the point of my comment was that the number of persons shot was "appallingly large" and that Mao was to be criticised for killing rather than disarming them, even though they were prepared to aid an invasion of their country. The point of my paragraph is precisely reversed by the *Evening Standard*.

Secondly, note that I wrote, referring to the *estimate* of one and a half million shot, that "it is now clear that it is too small." By omitting the "now" and taking the sentence from its context the *Standard* suggests that I was *regretting* that the number was not greater!

The whole paragraph is a superb instance of how by selection and misquotation a writer or speaker can be represented as saying the opposite of what he did say. A perfect illustration of News *cuisine chez Beaverbrook*!

* * *

Is the British Association degenerating, as a captious critic put it, into a sociable but rather pointless get-together of scientific Rotarians? A friend who was at the Belfast Conference got the impression that there is some force in this criticism: new discoveries are no longer made from the rostrum; the papers read are, in his words, "as diffuse as a scatter of buckshot"; there is a marked absence of middle-aged eminence in the audience; and the old men of science, like other old men, are inclined to reminisce rather than to look forward. On the other hand, there are signs of a welcome transfusion of young blood: a fifth of the membership this year was under 20 years of age; and these young people, critical without being cynical, packed the sessions and seemed anxious to be reassured that science is a good thing. If the British Association is failing in its real job—that of bringing science into the market place and making the lay public aware that it stands for something more than biological warfare and the atom bomb—the reason seems to lie in the fact that the road on which science is travelling is not being adequately sign-posted. True, in recent years, conferences have been given a sense of direction by presidents such as Sir Henry Dale, Sir Henry Tizard and Sir John Russell; but this year the conference lacked a frame-work of reference and discussion. Yet the challenge of world conditions to scientists is such that it is enormously important that the scientist knows where he is going. What the common man fears is that he is merely sleep-walking to hell and taking us all with him.

* * *

A poet who disapproves of a gift of thirty million pounds to Krupp, with the hint to restart armaments manufacture, comments as follows:

> Take, O take the stench away
> That surrounds the Schuman Plan!
> Steel-and-Coal-Pool circles say
> They are doing all they can.
> Still the Ruhr gives off the smell
> Of the old Krupp steel cartel.

* * *

Most of Saturday was spent searching the countryside for Winkles. Winkles, I should explain, is a nervous, Cooper's-marmalade cat. He is not the sort who strays. I have never seen him go farther afield than the garden or orchard. He is the most domesticated and affectionate of beasts; he likes to sit on your shoulder and rub his face against yours as if to test whether you have shaved with Gillette. He is a cat of most regular habits. After a light breakfast he retires to sleep, getting up during the day for meals and waking up for a lively evening. So we were surprised when he did not turn up for breakfast and worried when he also missed his lunch. But the thing that started us searching the fields was a neighbour's complaint that her dog had been caught by the paw two nights before in one of those wire snares they set for rabbits. The thought of Winkles caught in a snare and left to starve in agony was altogether too much. So we searched, but only came across one unhappy creature in a trap. And that was a strange thing. The beast was not in a rabbit snare but in one of those ingeniously contrived flex-nooses hanging from a supple stick which jerks the victim up in the air and hangs it. It was set in a rat-run, but judge my surprise when I cut down, not a rat but a hedgehog. The poor little thing hung, with a perplexed look on its tiny face, and the noose caught in the bristles round its thick neck holding it up, helpless and pathetic. Once the flex was dug out of its bristles it proved not to be hurt at all. Still no Winkles. Something like despair had settled on the house by midnight. And then he arrived from nowhere, ravenously hungry but otherwise in good shape. Observation the next day solved the mystery. Workmen were in the house banging about from early in the morning. Winkles was excessively frightened; he had not been snared in the fields nor even tempted by a rival for his affections. He had just hidden in a corner behind a chest-of-drawers all day long, terrified of the unknown menace of workmen's hammers.

CRITIC

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM BRET HARTE

(The *Hong Kong Standard* has recently criticised General Sir Gerald Templer's "collective punishments" in Malaya, remarking that "If this extraordinary enforcement of the law should earn the genuine co-operation of the masses, then we must confess ignorance of Chinese mentality.")

> Which I wish to discuss
> How for sinister ways
> Very different from us
> And unlovable traits,
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
> Which the same might apply to Malays.
>
> The General is fond
> Of treating them tough,
> But they fail's to respond
> When you handles them rough,
> Which we found when Sir Gerald played poker,
> Which the same is a matter of bluff.
>
> "These Commies," he swore,
> "Having scared the Chinee,
> We must scare him some more
> To be friendly with we;
> I figure he don't care for Stalin—
> I'll learn him affection for *me*."
>
> But grateful they weren't
> For the shops that we shut,
> The houses we burnt
> Or the rations we cut,
> Which the same they opined was oppression
> (A view propagated by Datt).
>
> Which is why I repeat
> That this closing of shops
> With so little to eat
> Except soldiers and cops
> Is wind for the Communist Organ—
> An organ without any stops.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Unit was born after films of drill on a six-inch gun had shown that No. 6 "stood stiffly to attention at the back of the gun, doing absolutely nothing." No reason could be found for this until a sergeant-major of the Boer War recalled that No. 6 had been the man who used to hold the horses.—*Manchester Guardian*. (E. D. Jones.)

Wedding couples are having pictures taken in front of St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, after being married at a register office across the road.—*Daily Herald*. (M. A. Kingsley.)

Reminder: Persian oil belongs to us.—*The Recorder*. (Pamela Valdar.)

Wanted to Buy Company having Tax Loss of not less than £50,000 preferably Engineering.—Advt., *Financial Times*. (B. A. Williams.)

I am not a Tory, but I wonder if the *Church Times* has ever paused to thank God for Mr. Eden's Christian statesmanship?—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (Clifford J. Cullingford.)

"I have seen a good many corpses in my time," said the Coroner (Mr. W. R. Wallace), "but I have never seen such a pleasant one as Mrs. —."—*Cambridge Independent Press*. (E. R. C. Lintott.)

Concentration Camps in the U.S.?

When President Truman vainly but courageously vetoed the Internal Security Act (popularly known as the McCarran Act) in 1950, he remarked with typical candour that, if enacted, it would "put the Government of the United States into the thought-control business." What the President did not mention was that the Act would also put the Government into the construction business—the construction of concentration camps.

Title II of the Act specifically provides for the establishment of so-called detention centres. Far from *directing* the creation of such centres, the law *authorises* the Attorney-General of the U.S. to apprehend and detain "in such places of detention as may be prescribed by him . . . . all persons as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such persons *probably* [my italics] will engage in or *probably* will conspire with others to engage in acts of espionage and sabotage." Such procedure is contingent upon the declaration of an "internal security emergency" by the President or Congress under certain conditions—namely, an invasion of the territory of the U.S. or its possessions; a declaration of war by Congress; or an "insurrection" within the U.S. in aid of a foreign enemy. In anticipation of invoking this section of the law, former Attorney-General J. Howard McGrath quietly authorised the Federal Bureau of Prisons in January, 1952, to set up "detention" camps for those who would be rounded up by the Justice Department.

According to James V. Bennett, director of the Bureau of Prisons, $775,000 has already been expended for the "activation and rehabilitation of six camps." It was on the basis of a survey of available facilities, conducted by Mr. Bennett's office, that Congress appropriated that sum for the fiscal year ending June, 1952. Mr. Bennett discovered that there would be considerable, if not insurmountable difficulty, in ". . . . obtaining suitable housing facilities if we [the Bureau of Prisons] waited until an emergency were declared, and the cost would reach upwards of $5,000 per person if new camps had to be constructed." In order to obviate this expense, the Bureau of Prisons selected several World War II Army and Air Force camps, prisoner-of-war camps, and former Japanese Relocation Centres. Such forethought and planning were ". . . . thought to be good insurance," said Mr. Bennett.

The $775,000 has been spent in the following manner: $300,000 for materials needed to renovate and prepare the camps for occupancy and minimum standby operations; another $300,000 for personnel to operate the camps (convict labour has undertaken the task of physical rehabilitation); $32,000 for an inventory of the food, clothing and shelter used in the preparation, and $143,000 for such expenses as fuel, electricity, water and transportation. Already work has progressed rapidly at the camps in Avon Park, Florida; Florence and Wickenburg, Arizona; El Reno, Oklahoma; Tule Lake, California, and Allenwood, Pennsylvania. The Arizona and California camps were used as Relocation Centres for 110,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry who were forcibly evacuated from the Pacific Coast during World War II. Current estimates of the six camps' "housing" facilities range from an official 15,000 to "over 100,000." No one knows precisely the number of inmates the camps can hold, but the amount goes well beyond the 50,000 to 60,000 figure which J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, regularly uses in citing the numerical strength of the Communist Party in the United States.

On August 7, 1952, I was conducted on a five-hour inspection of the camp located at Allenwood, Pennsylvania, by the warden, Guy C. Rexroad, a retired Army colonel. Unlike the other sites—generally located in desert areas—Allenwood is situated among the gently rolling Appalachian hills and farmlands. During World War II an enormous plant for the manufacture of T.N.T. had been built there by the Federal Government. Following the cessation of hostilities, the area was abandoned and eventually turned over to the Justice Department. The camp itself comprises some 8,400 acres entirely surrounded by a 12-foot-high barbed-wire fence. Within the wall are 77 miles of battered stone and dirt roads, and 50 miles of railroad tracks. The many buildings which were formerly devoted to the production, testing and storing of T.N.T. are now being rehabilitated for another purpose by Colonel Rexroad and sixty federal convicts.

Inmates of the camp are to be housed in three buildings—a former machine shop, a warehouse and a small Army-type barracks. The warden expects to have enough space to "accommodate" from four to seven thousand prisoners. While the rehabilitation proceeds with efficiency and dispatch, not much can be said by any fair-minded observer for the prospects which face those who would occupy the premises. The central building—once the machine shop—is a case in point. According to Rexroad, 3,000 persons—"men, women, and children"—will be "squeezed" into an oblong, single-storey, cement block structure nearly 300 feet long and 20 feet high. Rexroad calculated: "We can even make two floors out of the place if we have to. They can sleep in tiers—you know, those wooden, shelf-like beds. Five levels to a section." All of the barracks will be ready for occupancy within the next year. Rexroad emphasised that there would be no "coddling" or "pampering." He said: "It won't be a picnic; they won't have it any better than the Japanese—if as good."

Perhaps the most significant aspect of my visit to Allenwood was the lethargy and ignorance of the community while such a camp was erected in its midst. I personally interviewed more than 150 people within an eighty-mile radius of the camp. They represented a reasonable cross-section from all walks of life—journalists, housewives, businessmen, lawyers, clergymen, teachers, workers. With few exceptions no one knew, or expressed concern, about the camp. Those who did discuss the camp requested that they should not be quoted; and some—particularly the editors of the larger newspapers in the region—freely admitted that they purposely said nothing regarding it. But the most ironic reaction came from a candid official at the American Federation of Labour's Building and Trades Council in Harrisburg, capital of the State. He was annoyed not by the appearance of the camp, but by the employment policies of the Federal Government. "After all," he said, "the Government ought to build it with free, union labour."

While opposition to the Internal Security Act has been somewhat sporadic and closely confined to sectarian lines, the erection of these "places of detention" has been too much even for the Chicago *Tribune*, which promptly labelled them "concentration camps." Three religious leaders from the State of Oregon—the Methodist and Episcopal bishops and a leading, conservative Rabbi—sent an angry letter of protest to the President of the United States. "A concentration camp is a concentration camp no matter what other name is used," they said. Protests mounted to such proportions that James V. Bennett was forced to release an explanation. "It is unfortunate that the term 'concentration camps' has been used in connection with these facilities because it implies institutions and procedures entirely foreign to our laws, democratic processes, and methods of treatment." Calling the erection of the camps a mere "precautionary measure," the director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons tried to alleviate the fear and concern expressed by many Americans when he assured them: "If the need for their use as places of detention ever arises, they will be conducted humanely and strictly in keeping with the policies of the President and the Congress."

Charles R. Allen, Jnr.

New Jersey, August.

Christ and Caesar

During the last fortnight of August there met this year at Lund, in the south of Sweden, a world conference, the third of its kind, on Faith and Order. To it there came delegates from almost all the principal Christian churches of the world excepting only the Roman Catholic Church. Inevitably the Protestant churches were numerically in the ascendant; the Orthodox delegations were small owing to the absence of any representation on this occasion of the Greek Church. The Old Catholics were there, and some of the Anglicans emphatically represented the more Catholic wing of the Anglican Communion.

The last Faith and Order Conference met in Edinburgh in 1937, and the subjects for the Lund gathering were in effect prescribed then. At first sight these subjects, admirably presented in a wealth of carefully prepared material, seemed of merely ecclesiastical interest. For who except members of divided churches, anxiously seeking unity, would concern themselves with such themes as the Church, Inter-Communion, and Ways of Worship? Yet, for all the apparent narrowness of the Conference agenda, there gathered at Lund men who, with all their theological preoccupations, were not blind for one instant to the world in which they were living.

There was a delegate from South Korea; and when the pastors of Eastern Germany took their leave, they made no effort to conceal their sense that they were going into silence. The problem of Germany brooded over the conference from the first. Men of the West German delegation like Dr. Martin Niemöller made no bones about their opposition to German rearmament. If the attitude of the Germans from the Eastern Zone was different, it was because their experience both had been, and would surely be, unlike that of their brethren in the West. The very tension here made one inescapably aware of the unknown awaiting Europe.

Again, on the first Monday of the conference, Professor Joseph Hromadka from Prague delivered a remarkable speech in plenary session. As a kind of corollary to its primary concerns, the conference was asked to consider the social and political aspects and causes of Christian dis-unity. It was to this subject that Hromadka spoke, and he spoke as one who in 1948 made the bold, and perhaps mistaken, decision to endorse with a qualified "Yes" the events of February, 1948, in his country. His decision came out of a sense that the events of the Thirties, especially the Spanish Civil War and Munich, revealed that the end of liberal Europe had come; the age of the social contract was over, the impulse of the French Revolution spent. So, when the Republic of Masaryk finally collapsed, he had felt bound to accept its disappearance and to essay a positive attitude to the new regime. But although he insisted that he must continue such an attitude, he emphasised its day-to-day character. To men like him the imagery of the Acts of the Apostles was vivid; just as the earlier Christian missionaries had to turn their backs on Jerusalem and face the Roman World, so he judged that he must turn his back on the dreams and hopes of bourgeois civilisation and take seriously that world which was brought into being and ruled by the power of the new Rome of Moscow. Like the Apostles, however, he could not know until the end what Rome would do.

Naturally such an attitude was vehemently contested by those whose experience of Communism was different from his own. But the very conflict between them helped to bring out the deep engagement of the Christian churches in the conflicts of the present age. Here were men really trying to make up their minds what they should do. No one spoke of "Western values"; the theological language which the discussion inevitably invoked was austere and frankly transcendentalist in character. Again and again one saw at Lund how to-day a deeply-held transcendentalist theology set men free to face the issues of their age creatively and without illusion. It may seem paradoxical; but it remains, I think, true that you found at Lund social radicalism often going hand in hand with a theology which was fundamentally a theology of the Cross. Men like Professor Edmund Schlink of Heidelberg showed themselves in a real sense humanists, not through their espousal of any doctrine of immanence but through their resolute fidelity to New Testament perspectives. To those who recognise that the morality of the Pentagon is no valid substitute for that of the Kremlin, this news may not be without significance.

Of course the bulk of the work of the conference was done in the sectional discussions in which the reports were prepared. One can only write here at first hand of the section in which one took part oneself. In my own, which was on "Ways of Worship," we were made very conscious of the Catholic-Protestant tension. That was only to be expected, concerned, as one was, with such subjects as the Eucharist and the Communion of Saints. But among those who differed profoundly in their understanding of liturgy, there was agreement that the context of our discussion must be the Church's mission to the world in which it lives. The problem of worship could only be discussed in relation to the problem of communication. If there was a vital, even a vehement, debate between Catholic and Protestant, that debate had its setting in a world largely estranged from Christianity. Of course there were many at Lund who were always able to escape from that painful consciousness into a nice theological charmed circle. Few Christians can stand, for more than very limited periods of time, the sense of impotence and disillusion to which such consciousness brings. But in their hours of self-awareness, they do display a genuine honesty; and again it is worth noting that when these moods invade their spirit, it is nearly always to the profundity of the theology of the Cross that they are driven. There are signs in the Christian world to-day, that, whatever the Prime Minister may have said in 1948 on the Anglican Church's willingness to back the use of the atomic bomb, there are throughout the Christian churches men who, on this and other issues, stand and are prepared to stand. For the most part these are men who find their spiritual food in works as tough and as searching as the *Dogmatik* of Karl Barth or the *Christologie* of Professor Heinrich Vogel of Berlin.

An important factor in the total fact of the Lund Conference was the wide representation from the younger churches. There was no Chinese delegation; but men from India and Africa continually reminded us how different the outlook was of the younger churches from that of the churches of Europe. Inevitably the churches of the Old World bear as part of their inheritance the whole tragic burden of their history. No Anglican nor English Free Churchman can lightly regard the Civil War of 1642-49; nor can the Continental Protestant lightly esteem the St. Bartholomew and the bitter struggles of the Counter-Reformation. In the Christian inheritance of Europe, there is something profoundly tragic; we are marked by the sign of our fathers' infidelities as well as by that of their loyalty to the truth. For us there is no escape from these things, and they make far harder the road to the healing of our divisions. With the younger churches in India, Burma, Africa and Ceylon it is not so; and they are impatient of European hesitation. But in a world of growing racial bitterness, it is, perhaps, impressive to note that both parties to this opposition spoke of their difficulties frankly and uninhibitedly; they were brethren, sharing facets of a single experience, bearing easily and naturally with one another. (It may be added that the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa was not represented at Lund of its own choice!)

It was an untidy conference, all bits and pieces and undoubtedly disappointing to many. Its contribution to the cause of Christian unity is uncertain. A little progress was made in respect of the crucial issue of Inter-Communion. Many of the theologically abler delegates felt themselves impelled towards a deeper study of the central mystery of the Christian faith, the Person of Christ, conscious that perhaps some of their most intractable differences had their source there. The more immediate worth of the gathering, however, seemed to lie in the meeting it made possible of so many diverse persons from so many diverse traditions. In its strength and in its weakness it bore perhaps a proper witness to the deep strength and pervasive weakness of the Christian churches in the world to-day.

D. M. MACKINNON

Coastwise Lights

LIGHTHOUSES, Light vessels, Grace Darling and all that—what a romantic glamour was cast by those dear, sentimental Victorians on the "faithful watch," the heroism and devotion of those charged with seeing that mariners and ships "the better come," as Elizabeth I enjoined, "unto their ports without peril." Having had a chance, by courtesy of the Corporation of Trinity House, to put my own childhood's hero-worship to the test of closer acquaintance with the personnel of Light vessels and Rock lights, I must record that the men who serve the Master, Wardens and Elder Brethren of "the Guild, Fraternity or Brotherhood of the Most Glorious and undivided Trinity and of St. Clement in the Parish of Deptford Strond" regard themselves not as zealots or philanthropists, but as men doing a job—tough, and often lonely, but with compensations, material and spiritual.

The Light vessels which I visited on the stout and comfortable Harwich relief tender ranged geographically from the "Mid Barrow" station off the Essex coast through the three Goodwin vessels to the "Varne" beyond Dover. Among their crews were many men who had sailed deep-sea, got married and, knowing no landsman's trade, were content to have a regular fortnight at home (as the service provides) in each six weeks, with a steady pay packet of nearly £8 a week afloat and ashore. (From this, of course, has to be deducted the cost of rations, which each man orders and cooks for himself: as we left Blackwall, the tender's deck was piled high with cardboard grocery boxes.) Others were middle-aged rolling stones who, after knocking far and wide about the world, had found an anchorage with scope to ruminate. Others, again, were eccentrics: for instance, the genial Irishman, model in his behaviour on duty, but whose 14-day shore leaves were systematised on the basis of one week of prodigal revelry followed by a week at Her Majesty's expense.

Others, again, were youthful: there was the pleasant-spoken young man with wartime service in the Navy, who was studying to become a portrait-painter and was financing eight fortnights a year of intensive art classes by eight months afloat during which he had at least plenty of time to sketch his shipmates. Indeed, there are not a few artists on Light vessels: painting competes on a modest scale with the more usual "watch below" hobbies of rug-making, contriving model ships in bottles and, where the bottom serves, fishing with "crawlies" for bait. Light vessel anglers, however, complained to me that their fishing in the waters I visited was plagued with starfish, useful only—so I was told—as a means of liquidating one's neighbours' pestering cats. On the social side, there are, of course, the occasional brief contacts with chance foreign fishermen.

By all this I am far from implying that Light vessels should be regarded as Ivory Towers for escapists or artists—though young and impecunious novelists might well find in the service a temporarily satisfactory way of life. For most people, an initial difficulty is that, to get a job in any one of the 34 manned vessels which Trinity House keeps on station, you must have a "clean" seaman's discharge book. Then, passing days and nights on the three-watch system (the crew on board consists of a Master and six ratings) is not to everyone's taste; an anchored Light vessel is subject to unpleasant risks of being run down by passing ships during fog, when the noise of the powerful fog-signal on board is a torment; and, in a gale, though the long, massive mooring cable

can be veered away to ease the strain, the motion, in the short seas of shallow waters, is such as to try the hardiest shell-back and frustrate the best intentions of remedies for sea-sickness.

Yet there are worse jobs. Certainly I would rather serve in a Light vessel than on any one of Trinity House's 31 Rock stations. They, too, for the transient visitor, have their escapist appeal. The seven rooms neatly superimposed—the Store Room, the two Oil Rooms, the Kitchen Room with its friendly grate, the Bedroom with its curbed wooden bunks, the Living Room and the Service Room where the watches are kept, below the great lantern—all this has something of the charm of a toy, of a doll's house. One is tempted to think enviously of the cosy simplicity of a life in which the three keepers have only to adjust themselves to the safe routine of watching and tending light and fog signal and (on some Rocks) the radio beacon—with books, the B.B.C. and the wide prospect of the sea's "uncountable laughter" as solace in off-duty hours. But then, the seas round the shores of these islands cannot be relied on to laugh; though in theory one keeper is relieved by the tender every month, so that the service should involve two months at the Rock and one month ashore, bad weather sometimes delays reliefs, and in any case, two months are a long spell. Even if the house-mates are congenial, there is no scope for exercise beyond polishing, pumping water, carrying up oil and fuel and sweeping down those weary flights of steps; and keepers (one supposes) do well to be misogynists. Some stick it for half a lifetime—in the hope, I suppose, of a Shore station, with a wife to share one's bed, towards the end of the career; but I have the impression that most keepers on Rocks wear a chip on their shoulder.

By contrast, the crews of Light vessels struck me as a cheerful, friendly crowd. Some of the vessels to-day are old and lacking in amenities: on them, the mechanism for the revolving light still has to be wound by hand and the fog signal worked manually. But the modern vessels which Trinity House is putting as rapidly as possible on its manned stations are roomy, comfortable ships. Even when space is deducted for the (surprisingly elaborate) engine-room, with its plant, in duplicate, for generating electricity and working the diaphone fog signal, and for the radio beacon and the radio-telephone apparatus, there is ample room in which to swing the largest conceivable cat. There are two-berth cabins for the crew and a fine stateroom for the Master, excellent galleys in which a feature is the kettle on the boil night and day, shower baths and (most appreciated amenity of all) refrigerators in which meat can be kept fresh between the fortnightly visits of the relief tender. The Masters, whose pay is in the region of £600 a year, do one month afloat and one on shore; and I met several who had worked their way up from deck hand, engine driver, and thence lightman, to their present position, with thirty years or more of service to their credit. As one put it to me, "It's not everyone ashore who can say he's never had a day without wages since Kaiser Bill hooked it."

Do those who man Light vessels and lighthouses think deeply of St. Clement or the "Most Glorious and undivided Trinity"? I doubt it. I doubt even if they or the wardroom officers of the tenders, who were my kind and educative hosts, have by heart the names of the illustrious Elder Brethren—Royal Dukes, Earls, Viscounts and Admirals and, of course, the Former Naval Person—who guide the destinies of the Corporation. There is general agreement that the Brethren are "good people to work for"; but, for the thousand or more employees who serve the Corporation, the Executive Board and the six District Superintendents provide enough Olympus. Yet, had they a taste for it, there is a rich historical background to their service and an odd, typically English, angle in its constitution.

It was Henry VIII who, in 1514, gave the Fraternity its first charter "for the relief, increase and augmentation of Shipping of the Realm." The first Master was Sir Thomas Spert, knight, and captain of the flagship *Henri Grace à Dieu*; and the Brethren were, from the beginning, Navy-minded. For instance, when the Spanish Armada threatened, they were prompt in offering the Lord High Admiral thirty sail of merchant ships to be fitted out in four days. Queen Elizabeth gave Trinity House the specific task of setting up "beacons, marks and signs for the sea," revenue accruing from monopoly rights in the sale of shingle ballast. Under the Stuarts, however, the Crown, which had its own views on the uses of monopolies and patents, contended successfully that it had the power to sell licences to individuals, to erect lighthouses for private gain; and this state of affairs went on until 1836, when Parliament vested control of all lights* in the hands of Trinity House.

Meanwhile, Samuel Pepys had taken a hand in matters with his usual efficiency. In 1685 he persuaded James II to sign a new, revised Charter, which is substantially that in force to-day, and under which Pepys himself was nominated Master. The Corporation's record continued to be coloured with patches of naval history. Thus, in 1797, the Elder Brethren defied and frustrated the mutineers at the Nore by removing every seamark that could guide the rebellious fleet to sea; and, in 1803, when Napoleon had assembled his invasion barges, Trinity House manned ten frigates, placed in line across the Thames in the Lower Hope (below Gravesend) presenting nearly 200 guns to the enemy. But, wars apart, it was to the safety of merchant shipping that the Corporation devoted its energies and the revenues accruing from the "Light dues" levied by the State on vessels entering British ports. The earliest Light vessel established was that East of the Nore Sand in 1732; but lighthouses, in the modern sense, had already been erected, round about 1600, at Caister and Lowestoft. To-day, in addition to its 55 manned lighthouses, 40 unmanned Minor Lights and 36 Light vessels (2 unmanned), Trinity House is responsible for the maintenance of nearly 50 unlighted sea marks on shore and no fewer than 600 buoys, of which nearly 200 carry lights burning dissolved acetylene and needing to be recharged by the tender every twelve months.

In short, this is a big service and an essential one. Navigation in coastal waters has been made less hazardous by radar and such aids as the ingenious device developed by a well-known gramophone company, in which "hyperbolic wireless" actuates two or three speedometer-like dials in the chart-room and enables a ship's course to be plotted accurately on the intersecting lines of a "gridded" chart. Nevertheless, shipping still relies vitally on the coastwise lights. Strange, then—you may think—that this great national, indeed (in usage) international, service should still be entrusted to a body which is constitutionally a medieval Guild, whose functions, incidentally, embrace pilotage from London Bridge to the Solent. Nevertheless, the anomaly works admirably; and I do not think there would be any support from mariners for the "nationalisation" of Trinity House. As for the Lightmen, on Rocks and vessels, they are certainly not politically minded. They have chosen a strange job, reasonably well paid and satisfactorily secure, but with long intervals away from pub and cinema. Still, the intervals are shorter than voyages deep-sea; and this, to the married men, means much. Without severing their links with the familiar sea, or committing themselves wholly to the chances of life among "strangers" ashore, they have the comfortable feeling that they have "half-swallowed the anchor."

AYLMER VALLANCE

Harwich and Cowes, August.

* That is, in England and Wales. For Scotland and Ireland the Authorities are the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses and the Commissioners of Irish Lights.

The Benefactor

EVERYONE in the town has a good word to say for M. Marchal, our *secrétaire de mairie*. Other personalities, more extrovert and persuasive than he, have obtained for themselves decorations and honours—the Medal of Agricultural Merit was awarded to five people after the recent visit of the Préfet—but the qualities and merit of M. Marchal remain known only to his fellow citizens; his button-hole does not contain even one thin coloured ribbon. Our mayor is one of the category referred to as "just a signature." He looks in at the *mairie* now and again, to put his name to papers and documents prepared by M. Marchal; so the main business of administering the town falls upon the broad shoulders of the *secrétaire de mairie* and his small staff. M. Marchal lives very much on the job, in a flat above his office at the *mairie*. He is a calm, soft-speaking, self-effacing man of about forty, whose hair is already worn thin by years of administrative worries and cares. At least, such is the general opinion of the cause of his falling hair. But as I came to know him better I wondered whether this way of living might not be just as much responsible.

He has but two relaxations, both of which he loves almost as much as his family and his work. One of the two is to go, on a Sunday afternoon, and watch our basket-ball team play in the Division d'Excellence Nationale. But his intention often coincides with that of the mayor to spend the week-end trying to catch up with municipal affairs; so M. Marchal finds himself, instead, being kept busy in his office all day Sunday. Or else his wife suddenly invites some of her numerous married brothers and sisters to lunch, with their equally numerous families; and M. Marchal, who has neither brother nor sister, develops one of his splitting headaches.

Mme Marchal is a charming woman; even her inconsequential attitude to daily life has a certain charm to it. When calling at the Marchals' flat one never knows what to expect; and M. Marchal gives the impression that he never knows either, when he goes upstairs from his office. One day recently, because the Marchals' daughter, Françoise, was ill and confined to the flat, Mme Marchal asked my wife to go there to give Françoise her weekly English lesson. On arrival, the front door was opened by a cousin of Françoise, who lives with the Marchals during the school year because her own home is in a village without public transport. "My aunt's talking to a wine merchant from Bordeaux," said the cousin, nodding towards the dining-room from which loud voices were issuing. "She's going to start a wine agency in the district, you know." And the cousin took my wife into the Marchals' bedroom where Françoise was sitting up in the parental bed. A little to my wife's surprise, Mme Marchal's mother was sharing the bed. The old lady, who also lives in the flat, was ill, too—"It's easier to look after them, like that," airily explained the young cousin. So my wife gave Françoise her lesson with the grandmother listen-

ing in with interest. It all seemed quite natural, somehow, in this household.

Once a week, after dinner, M. Marchal and I play chess—which is the second of his two relaxations. His main difficulty is in persuading his wife to be ready in time, so that we can all eat a tart and converse over a bottle of white wine, have coffee, and still start the game of chess before ten-thirty. When it is the turn of my wife and I to go to the Marchals' we often hear a scurry in the kitchen as we arrive; or see Françoise and her cousin run across from the café-restaurant opposite, flourishing their serviettes; or we hear the sound of eggs being beaten up as Mme Marchal desperately makes the sweet at the last minute. Still, she may be quite practical about this; and the sweet is always pleasing to the eye and delicious to the taste. My wife used to make the sweet, when it was our turn to receive the Marchals, in the afternoon. But that was before we knew much about the French in general and the Marchals in particular. It was not unusual for Françoise to come to our door, just as we were expecting the Marchals to arrive, to say that they were unable to visit us that evening.

Occasionally Mme Marchal forgets to let us know at all that the weekly meeting is postponed, and we arrive there in the middle of some upheaval. At least, our impression is that a postponement was intended. There was the evening when, instead of sitting peacefully at table for two or three hours with coffee and cognac and chessboard, we found ourselves, all four of us, being whirled through the wintry countryside in the mayor's car; as part of his lightning electoral campaign for County Councillor he was expected at a remote country house to which only Mme Marchal knew the way, and that but vaguely. And on another occasion we found all Mme Marchal's family noisily gathered together, almost overflowing down the stairs, to begin the *partage* of their mother's belongings. The old lady, a widow, was far from being dead; this family act of dispossession was merely a prudent anticipation of the inheritance laws. She sat there looking a little sad, installed in the middle of the long table yet somehow in the background. M. Marchal and I were forced to agree that this was hardly an evening to play chess. The *conseil de famille* continued, several evenings a week, for some time. When I met M. Marchal he shook his head sadly and said, giving his gentle smile, "*Ah, mon cher, nos réunions sont vouées à l'échec.*"

Admittedly, our sessions are not of supreme interest to our wives; and recently, when Mme Marchal started her wine agency, our meetings were in danger—or so it seemed to me—of becoming very irregular. She began to go out every afternoon to search for orders, leaving her mother to look after the flat, and did not return until nine at night. "It's going to be difficult to begin with," she commented late one night, as M. Marchal and I adjourned our game at Kt-KB3. "But one must do something to occupy oneself," she said with her charming smile.

She called on us one afternoon, professionally, to try to sell us a crate of wine. As she sends her daughter to my wife for English lessons, local etiquette demanded that we should become a client of hers—a sufficient excuse for buying a crate of '45 Médoc. Mme Marchal got a great many orders in the town and district. "I was surprised," she said a fortnight later, arriving early. "I've got the maximum amount of orders already. I'll have to wait two or three months before going round again." M. Marchal gave his quiet, Jocondian smile, gently advanced a pawn and said nothing.

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René, a café restaurant owner. I mentioned to him that Mme Marchal seemed to be a good saleswoman. "But," he said, "you know why so many people have bought wine from her? Why, it's to please the *secrétaire de mairie*. After all, he can do a lot for us and the town."

LEN ORTZEN

The Defeated

"God's thunder!" cried our daily woman, Frau Roller, peering into the garden, "she has again taken the baby's nappies off the line and put her lady's baby's nappies on." She looked at me with reproach and anticipation.

"I shall *have* to speak to her...have to...have to," I said in my routine voice. It was Wiesbaden. We had the ground floor flat, a pretty Jewish woman the first floor, and a peroxided Frenchwoman from Tunisia the top. The garden was everybody's and nobody's. The time was the present. All Germany lives in the present: the immediate past is too horrid to dwell upon, and the future too unreal to suppose anybody will live in it.

"That girl, you know," continued Frau Roller, "has come here from behind the Iron Curtain. And why has she done so?" Frau R. always answers her own questions. "Eventually she has done so because the folk behind the Iron Curtain won't have her. No, I know the Russians, they know a thing or two, and they won't have her at any price, so they kick her out to us. Now I shall tell her. . . ."

I give a hasty guilty look at the robust blonde who is ruining my life by pegging out nappies on my end of the clothes-line. She sees us looking at her but pretends to be alone on the steppes of Russia.

Part of the clothes line is mine by right, but the battle which is about to take place makes my heart beat so hard that it hurts. It is dreadful and unbearable, so I call out that I am going to fetch a green salad for dinner

"But we already have a green salad," calls back Frau Roller, and I notice that the brooch she wears, with the miniature Rhine wine bottle and the bunch of jade-green grapes, is shaking to and fro in pleasant anticipation of a skirmish.

"Then I must go to the market for flowers."

She shrugs her shoulders and goes out of the back door.

All the way down the cobbled hill into the town I try to picture cool shell-pink, faint yellow and virgin white gladioli shrouded in white paper, but at the market there are nothing but everlasting flowers in harsh yellows, mauves and whites. When the flower-seller learns that I am English, she gives me a handful of dark red cherries. She loves the English, she says.

I mount the hill with a lagging step, carrying my paper of everlasting flowers. They might do to lay on the tomb of the vanquished in the clothes-line battle. I pray Frau Roller is not the vanquished one, she washes and irons so beautifully. Ah, why doesn't she beat the great strong brute of a blonde?

She *has* beaten her. In the kitchen sits darling Frau Roller drinking her coffee elevenses. In the garden the blonde looks quite different: changed, extinguished. She is carrying away her clothes in the washing basket.

"I told her," said Frau Roller, "that I am fifty years of age. Is it possible for a girl of twenty-two to know better than a woman of fifty which part of the clothes-line belongs to whom?" Frau Roller always answers her own questions. "No, it is not possible. I know the Russians. If my husband had been any good they would never have sent him back to me after the war. No, if you are no good they kick you out."

I nod my head gravely, and agree that in Russia it is certainly a serious matter if you don't know one end of a clothes-line from the other. You deserve to be kicked out.

"And when you return to England," said Frau Roller, putting up the ironing board, "eventually please send me a card of Maidenhead. I was in Maidenhead in 1923—yes, they were the happiest days of my life."

A. M. PEACOCK

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Paradise Lost

WHO could resist, once or twice a year, slipping off to the Zoo? Over the tree tops come the playground voices that aren't quite voices: a too progressive school, perhaps, exercising the Id with whoops, roars, yawns, shrieks and trills. We hurry a little, so as not to miss anything. But there waits the vulture. From his iron dome, hunched, bald, he has marked us; dreadfully he overlooks us as we approach, as we join the trickle of those who, thumbing their half-crowns and shillings, would picnic with Creation. We have come early, though never early enough. Into Eden one should take a solitary way. The first there have been free to wander and interrogate, to eavesdrop, to encounter possibly the Snake up the Apple-tree or (as once came my way) four wolves bounding along a side-walk, reined by the old Fellow who gives them their morning run. But could he hold them? Rather to my surprise, it was they, not I, who crept under a seat.

To-day, the show is in full swing. Goats chase children in the corner reserved for them, rides of all sorts are being given, bears wave and Fellows in deck-chairs nod, the elephant bowing left and right like a queen accepts tips, the camel refrains from spitting, and whole families can't resist aping the ape. Oh, how delectably, how frightfully we are interwound! Where can one draw a line?

Has Leo—at this moment stretched asleep while starlings pick at his bone—grown as tired as he looks of being British? Does the lawyer call the fox sly? On which side of the bars do hyenas make up, does the hog snort off in his sports car? Which is the prouder, and which with the more reason, the peacock or I? And when on all sides our atom bombs have been piled and dropped, who will invade—the ant? Here he is under a magnifying lens, on the march, fording rivers, constructing cities. Baffled he never pauses. Stakhanovism is in his blood, and he may yet inherit the earth. Dread him.

Meanwhile the lords and ladies of creation chew popcorn and have their own favourites, chief among them that sad comedian the bear (where's Brumas now?—slippering in an alley of lost fame), and the whole cartload of monkeys. *They* survive anything, even the unhappy association, for so many poster years, with soap. Advertisement points a ghostly finger, so that we can't squint up a tree at the panda without thinking that he should be under a beech sunshade drinking rum, and the elephant shocks by having forgotten, apparently, the only fountain-pen. The Guinness glass rises everywhere. Seals, pelicans, toucans (one of these, proprietorially adopted), kinkajous: what next? One may have fears for the pretty whydah bird, and the okapi, looking round out of a shy, velvety seclusion, seems to need protection.

Humanity oozes. Some amiable small creatures I tickle, knowing that they will never cadge at me from Tube platforms. The long-nosed "Diane," a coati set rather unfairly next to two elegant lemurs, has all the sweetness of nature that may go with sensitive ugly looks: her babies, if any, won't share the honours with Royalty. And others tickle me, especially the young bison who thinks himself Orson Welles and the plated rhino with her drawers slipping down. Tortoises have always been my diversion, partly no doubt from the fascination of seeing so many John D. Rockefellers disporting themselves about a lawn with a palsied immortality all but within their grasp. While I am staring at one great-grandfather, I suddenly realise its hurry. Another centenarian, equally distant, has started for the same lettuce leaf. They are, paralytically, sprinting. This discovery throws me off my time-track and on to theirs. The days flicker by like a book read; instantly the sun rises, shadows race over the lawn, summer succeeds to spring, autumn to summer; and in the same realisation I see the mayfly which grows up, hungers, sports, weds, breeds, and dies, all in a daylight. I think I might even stop going to Zoos, which exude boredom, if it weren't that despite everything—despite bars, stench, litter—Nature will out. The great gaze of the sea-eagle still holds skies and seas, birds of paradise rend a tapestry with their mating cry, deer in the open convey shade, and the upside-down fly, all eye-lashes, moves in a crystal ball of vision. Here, if anywhere, is Eden.

My particular reason for visiting again the London Zoo—one of the best-stocked, if not the most beautiful, of Zoos—was to convey to the Aquarium a gift of Siamese fighting fish, which my wife had bred and I lugged. This earned us a behind-the-scenes tour. We peered at baby sea-horses, mere hairs with the chess-knight look; we had our fingers gobbled at by a throng of jumping carp; we watched the puffer fish swell himself into a football with water or air according to the element in which he found himself threatened. One interest of fish is that they enjoy an existence as ceremonious and as foreign to our own as a Tibetan monk's. They are they, I am I. I don't have to feel sorry for them; and that liberation accompanies me as, walking away across Regent's Park, I hear the shudders of the Himalayan tiger driven to bed with a hose.

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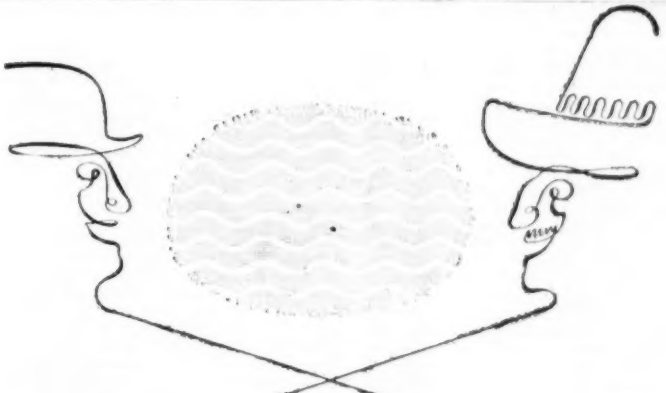

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DOWN TELEVISION AVENUE

COLLECTING brochures at the bright pavilions, under a canopy of jangling voices, the visitors to last week's National Radio Show at Earls Court—"the best half-crown's worth in London"—eyed the sets they could not afford and the miracles they could not understand. Along the aisles waited the rival salesmen, camped on soft carpets and fringed with flowers, smooth-spoken ambassadors of the television age. Scores of competing firms offered the choice between a host of models, from £45 to £757 each, with its mumbo-jumbo of technical cant. The talk was all of filters, channels, and screens, of anti-flutter, spot-wobble and the unspeakable things that go on in extreme fringe areas. What did it matter if the models all looked strangely alike, and if they only relayed one programme—whether in plastic, wainut or imitation lizard skin? Here was private enterprise in an expanding market, selling the new staple of Western life to the neo-Elizabethans. "Everyone wants a set for the Coronation, you know."

This highly successful show was "designed to make everyone feel he is missing something if he is not equipped with TV and a modern radio receiver or radiogram." The Board of Trade, the Westminster Bank, British Railways, and the Electrical Trades Union were all represented, and such celebrities as Earl Alexander and Norman Wisdom helped to fight the good fight. For the vital statistics of the industry show a temporary paralysis in the conversion of ordinary citizens into viewers. Restrictions on hire purchase have a lot to do with it: the quality of present programmes and cost of living without television help to dull people's awareness that they are "missing something." But the current figures illustrate the remarkable growth of a habit which has come to stay, for better or for worse. The annual production of TV sets has risen in six years from 6,500 to 712,900. This year, in five months, cash sales have fallen by 61 per cent and hire purchase sales by 78 per cent, but this, said the professionals, is "just a little swing of the pendulum."

With the regional exploitation by new B.B.C. transmitters, the industry expects an increase in the viewing public of the newly enfranchised Welsh and Scots—most sets today can operate on the five British channels. Salesmen dream of the time when every British home will have its television set, as institutional as the Victorian piano. What people will see in the mirror is quite another matter.

But at Earls Court one could not go far before that matter was quite dramatically raised. For the National Radio Show was, of course, not limited to the dubious wonders of television. "Steam radio"—i.e., the old-fashioned, non-visual wireless—was quite charitably handled by the trade. And there was a bewildering bazaar of electronics, as well as an assortment of what the show catalogue called "the bright and cheerful and glamorous personalities who inhabit the world of entertainment," at large or behind glass. You could study there The Cold Valve of Tomorrow, or Mr. Macdonald Hobley; you could demand information in Arabic from a bi-sexual, multi-lingual "commissionaire"; or you could watch under-water television demonstrated in a tank. There were all kinds of side-shows, from radio-controlled boats sailing across a little green sea to harbour to the "orchestra in one hand," a clavioline, or electronic keyboard.

Upstairs you could walk down "Television Avenue," where, in the half-light of an aquarium, dozens of sets were ranged in altar-like alcoves. Down the line shuffled the crowd, past scores of little windows in almost indistinguishable veneered boxes—all with the same talking picture, the white magic of the welfare State. And at the other end of the Avenue, one arrived at the background to this strange parade of consumers' choice in modern toys. For the Radio Show was, it seemed to me, a monument to the versatility of our society. Downstairs were the "boudoir sets," the receivers in matching colours, the tiny valves for deaf aid, and so on. And upstairs the radar scanners turned slowly, hugely, round, waiting for the enemy; the Bofors twin guns (Controlled by One Man Director) poked their slim muzzles out above the pavilions below; and all the fighting Services displayed their panoply of war, appealing for recruits.

Somehow the priorities seem a bit confused—or am I wrong in feeling that the supersonic-guided missile so proudly displayed at Earls Court—a giant pencil pointed impotently at the roof—is an essential stage property in the world designed for viewers?

RICHARD FINDLATER

The Arts and Entertainment

EDINBURGH RETROSPECT

THE Hamburg State Opera scored a huge success with the public, but has received, I feel, rather less than its due from the English press. The *Rosenkavalier*, for example, which has come in for severe criticism, was the most authentic and the most enjoyable performance of this opera which I have seen since the days of Lehmann, Schumann and Richard Mayr. True, none of the soloists equalled that standard; but then where, to-day, are such singers (and actors) to be found? Lisa della Casa, the Sophie, was too much worried by her high notes to convey the full rapture of her opening scene; but thereafter she was charming. Both the Marschallin (Clara Ebers) and the Octavian (Martha Mödl) suffered from that tremolo which spoils so much contemporary singing; yet there was a style and a conviction about their performances which went far to redeem this fault, and I have never heard more vivid German enunciation than that of Mme Mödl. Joseph Keilberth drew fine playing from the orchestra; but, to my mind, the great feature of the evening was the Baron Ochs of Theo Herrmann. I was obliged to miss the first part of the last act; and it may be that at this point, like many of his predecessors, he was unable to resist the temptation to overplay. Throughout the first act, however, and for most of the second, he was the only Ochs in my experience to come within measurable distance of Mayr. He combined an abundance of comic invention with sweet tone and fidelity to the musical phrase; and he radiated that sense of physical well-being and the gusto which make our hearts warm to the deplorable old ruffian.

As for the production of Günther Rennert, it was highly intelligent and for the most part stylish. It is true that too much was made of the episode in which the Baron's attendants pester Faninal's domestics; and it was certainly a mistake, at the end of this act, to keep the loutish gang hanging about on the staircase during the confidential scene between Ochs and Annina. Such lapses as these were all the more surprising because in general Dr. Rennert has none of the characteristic foibles of the "brilliant" opera producer of our day. He is evidently a thorough musician, and he has had the luck to grow up in a country in which opera is an accepted part of the cultural landscape. In consequence, he understands the value of quietude: he knows that, during the great lyrical moments of opera, time must appear to stand still while the heart unfolds its message, and that this miracle cannot occur unless, to begin with, the singers stand still. How different is the approach of the typical young English producer, who comes from the busy world of ballet and modern drama to the charmed demesne of opera with something of the amazement of the Prince entering the cobwebbed palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Heavens, we hear him exclaim, how stale, how musty, what queer old clothes! And just look at those motionless creatures over there, are they alive or dead? So the windows are flung open, the interior decorators are called in, the attics are fitted up like a modish cocktail-bar, the funny old clothes are replaced by funny new ones, and the stiff joints are taught a few of the simpler postures of contemporary ballet. By such means the clever producer hopes to galvanise these faded and despised old figures into a semblance of life; but in the process something vanishes which is the very kernel of opera: the mystery, the poetry, the simple fascination of human song. In the general scurry, the Sleeping Beauty herself has slipped away and is nowhere to be found.

In *Fidelio*, once again, the artistic unity and sincerity of the Hamburg performances made a profound impression. Beethoven's spirit was perceptible, not merely in fits and starts, but from end to end of the noble work. The opening scenes were saved from coyness by Lisa della Casa's resolutely un-soubrette-like Marcellina and by the straightforward Jaquino of Kurt Marschner (a first-rate but sadly overworked artist, who was expected to sing every single night of the three-week season); the admirably studied Rocco of Theo Herrmann linked this domestic milieu with the heroic world of Leonora. Martha Mödl, struggling with a cold, nevertheless spoke, mimed and sang the part of Leonora with memorable intensity and conviction: I can still hear the resolute courage vibrating in her voice on the words "Ich habe Mut und Kraft." The Prisoners' Chorus was overwhelmingly pathetic. As in most of the other scores, the orchestra played musically and with unfailing understanding of the dramatic issues; but some of Leopold Ludwig's tempi (notably in the A major Trio of Act 2) were too slow, and by the time he and the orchestra reached *Die Meistersinger*, which was the final production, fatigue began to show itself in loose ends and faulty balance. It was interesting to hear in person Otto Edelmann, whose Bayreuth Hans Sachs is familiar to us from radio and gramophone records: he has a fine voice and has evidently grown into his part since last year, but he is still happier with the rough humour of the cobbler than with the poet's wisdom and humanity. Peter Anders, the Walther (he was also the hero of *Freischütz* and *Fidelio*), is no more than a routine German tenor; but Elisabeth Grümmer sang the heroine's music with unusual delicacy and purity of line, and might become a notable Eva if she would pour out her voice more generously in such legato phrases as "Geliebter, spare den Zorn."

The Festival Piano Quartet had failed to evolve a corporate style and remained an *ad hoc* assemblage of distinguished players. Curzon's pianism was exquisite, but neither he nor Szigeti possesses a decisive, powerful musical personality such as that by which, in 1947, Schnabel imposed unity on his colleagues. The Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, at its best, is second to no orchestra in the world. The woodwind are a wonderful body of soloists who have developed a remarkable coherence and blend, largely thanks to their exact intonation; and the strings produce a solid body of well-nourished tone which never loses a singing quality. Their performances of the Brahms First Symphony under Eduard van Beinum, and of the Mahler First Symphony under Rafael Kubelik, would be hard to surpass anywhere. The Dutchmen also brought with them a native symphony, the heavily scored and surprisingly brief No. 3 of Willem Pijper, which is fashioned of commonplace material and seemed less interesting in workmanship than some of his later chamber music. For some reason, Van Beinum's rehearsal of *Das Lied von der Erde* went better than the performance itself, in which the orchestral detail lacked pungency and Julius Patzak failed to convey the nostalgic charm of his last song. Kathleen Ferrier, however, sang her long "Farewell" with a serene purity of tone and style which turned the self-pity into something like nobility.

Patzak, normally the most dependable of singers, disappointed us with a performance of *Die schöne Müllerin* in which his eyes remained resolutely glued to text and music. By contrast, the youthful Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sang *Die Winterreise* not only by heart but with heartfelt sincerity and, for much of the time, with a lovely *mezza voce* quality. This was, by common consent, one of the most rewarding occasions of a crowded and eventful Festival.

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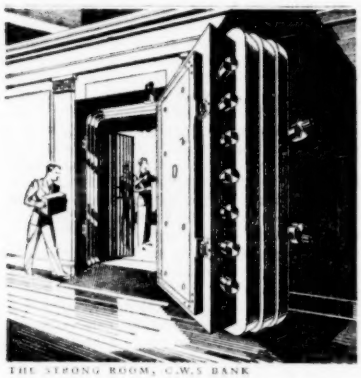

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SYLVIA REVIVED

Sylvia, ou la Nymphe de Diane, with music by Delibes, was first produced at the Paris Opera in 1876; it achieved success in this country soon after, but faded out in 1911, having been compressed into one act. Since then Delibes's popularity as a ballet composer has rested on his more commonplace *Coppelia*, though its music and construction seem to me inferior to those of *Sylvia*. Frederick Ashton has now taken *Sylvia* as it was originally planned for a full-length entertainment and produced it at the Royal Opera House for Sadler's Wells autumn season. He has transcribed it in his own style of classical choreography which, though a mixture of formal classicism and modern symphonic conventions, is successful because of his profound susceptibility to the atmospheric moods and genius of music. In this work he shows the stamina necessary for a long ballet and a mastery of the whole design, which was certainly not present in his previous full-length productions, *The Fairy Queen* or *Cinderella*.

The composing of a three-act ballet is a herculean task for the choreographer, for unlike the playwright or musician his conception cannot be tried out beforehand on paper. He is dealing, he is struggling, with great numbers of interpretative artists from the start, and the ability to stimulate their imaginations and control their bodies at the same time as creating and moulding themes from his own imagination is rare indeed. Mr. Ashton has managed to sustain the flow of the dancing amid intricate ensembles of nymphs, naiads, Muses, slaves, Gods and rustics, while he tells the story quite simply. The chief criticism is that this flow is almost too sustained, making the tone rather uniform: the climaxes lose their full emphasis and the changes from dancing to mime—so perfectly balanced in Ivanov's *Lac des Cygnes*—are not so expressive that the still grace of the mime enhances the lyricism of the dancing, and *vice versa*. Certainly Delibes's score, though neat and charming, does not help in this matter: the palm court tunes jog along happily and have little dramatic light or shade. But the ballet is a lightweight, classical pageant and I think no other living choreographer could have achieved so high a quality of taste and beauty.

Margot Fonteyn danced Sylvia. She has a sense of character even in so conveniently characterless a role as this, and her movements as Diana's nymph were sharp and pure, never voluptuous. Technically, she danced better than ever, her body and legs balanced to perfection in the most intricate motions; but on the first night her face was rather mask-like, showing strain and lacking that cat-like charm that is her unforgettable attraction. Her arms, although perfectly elegant, were also too tense for my taste. In the two *pas de deux*, one with Aminta, the hero, and one with Orion, the villain, she was at her best, holding the beautifully designed lifts and lilting falls like a goddess. As Aminta, Michael Somes seemed faintly embarrassed—perhaps it was his white fox furs and pink skirt. John Hart was more suitably dressed as Orion, and danced and partnered Miss Fonteyn excellently.

A good part of the success of this production is due to the luscious scenery of Robin and Christopher Ironside, which piles up in statues, grottoes and woods to completely fulfil the demands of a nineteenth-century mythical romance. Their costumes were also handsome, though it was interesting to note how much more graceful was the knee-length, Victorian ballet skirt than the abbreviated Grecian kind of dress worn by Sylvia and her attendants when hunting.

At the Festival Hall the Festival Ballet company has produced something in a very different style. *Symphony for Fun*, set to Don Gillis's Symphony Number Five and a Half, with choreography by Michael Charnley, is a jolly little piece of Americanese. The boys with their crew cuts and jeans are matched by grinning girls in flare skirts; and they all swing around with a pleasant, acrobatic kind of vitality. But the music seemed commonplace and I thought the young things would have been more at home chewing less gum and not trying to do what American dancers can do without trying.

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RADIO NOTES

W. R. RODGERS'S radio portrait, *Robert Flaherty*, covered a rather different ground from his previous studies—Synge and George Moore, for example—as if to show that their quality did not depend on some natural Irish speaker with a rich fund of odd or scandalous reminiscence. Mr. Rodgers's method is to compose the portrait only from the recorded conversational commentary, without acted voices or dramatised scenes. Its most original feature is the deliberate dramatic use of the pauses, hesitations and repetitions that go with the search for the right idea or phrase in impromptu speaking. (These things are automatically ironed out of the semi-scripted discussion that we have in so many forms on the air.) Here, the contributors were mostly celebrities, and in fields other than writing: even though they included Matisse (in French), Lillian Gish (who, very nicely, compared Flaherty to Blake), Orson Welles and other Hollywood notables, we may have had doubts about their ability to give significance to the picture. But in this production most of these turned out to have a natural radio personality apart from their subject: Sir Alexander Korda, particularly, and the Danish explorer Pieter Freuchen. A further point of development is that, as in a written biography, the more enclosed and private the life, the greater its artistic possibility. Mr. Rodgers's success in bringing the same kind of concentration to the varied, travelled, rootless, sociable career of Flaherty, was in itself a *tour de force*.

Edward Ward's report on *Egypt—September, 1952* (produced by Marjorie Banks) was an expert and valuable piece of broadcasting, giving, through the recorded interview, first-hand description and unobtrusive summary, one of the best and sharpest impressions we have had from press or radio of the immediate social and political condition of the country. Another excellent foreign affairs broadcast, also on the Light, was *Eighteen Months in the U.S.S.R.*, a half-hour of brisk unscripted question-and-answer between four interviewing journalists and Cyril Ray, who recently returned from Russia. It may be that the give-and-take of this form is more directly effective than the academic round-the-table discussion; but the success of this particular programme lay not only in the interest of its material but in the decided personalities of the group of professionals who took part; and most of all in the skill and pleasant manner of the chief speaker. There was no need of the television camera to stress the different characters: Mr. Ray, calm, easy, assured, the more impressive for being clearly without *parti-pris*; at the other extreme the American journalist, hot and excited, breathing violent questions about war preparations like an unkind caricature of an American journalist; between, the three English correspondents (Ernest Atkinson, Basil Davidson and John Lawrence), astute or cautious in the exchange according to temperament. All in all, the picture with which we were left of the unknown country was a more civilised and pacific one than we are frequently encouraged to believe.

At the cost of missing Kathleen Ferrier on the Third and Kipnis and Elisabeth Schumann on the Light (some such clash, as I have remarked before, seems peculiar to Tuesday evenings between 8 and 9) I followed *A Journey into the Past*, an hour's recapitulation of the London of 1601 by means of a modern young man's imaginary visit. What we had, alas, was a hearty, insensitive schoolboyish script, *flavoured* with history like an old-style historical novel—an idea ruined, in fact. Is there an assumption here that the Home Service listener is too much of a layman to mind? True, we visited the Mermaid, saw the Queen pass through the Great Hall of Greenwich Palace, witnessed an execution, even; but we did not query more than a word or two of each other's vocabulary; nor find ourselves much at odds with each other's outlook. The past is not to be captured in this easy way, nor, without historical conscience, poetic imagination and an anxious care for detail can a writer hope to penetrate the glass wall between ourselves and the Elizabethans.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Casque d'Or," at the Academy

Casque d'Or (English title: *Golden Marie*) is unmistakably a Jacques Becker film, yet his previous work had not prepared us for something of this particular quality and flavour. *Goupi Mains Rouges*, *Antoine et Antoinette*, *Edouard et Caroline*, all explored contemporary life—a peasant family, a working-class and a bohemian couple in Paris after the war—with a brisk and vivid intimacy, and an optimistic temperament shared by none of Becker's contemporaries in the French cinema. *Casque d'Or* is immediately different because it is a period (Paris 1900) story, and because it works much more through situation than his previous films. Not that the plot, a romantic melodrama involving a gigolette, a young carpenter, and the leader of an apache gang, is complex; its motivating episode, true love born in a milieu of violence and squalor, conforms superficially to a quite familiar pattern. Yet two things particularly make the film unique.

Becker's animation of a period is in itself a master stroke; Paris of *La Belle Epoque* is seen and realised with the same quick, sharp, immediate eye as the Paris of *Antoine et Antoinette*. Its directness removes the barrier of the present, takes us at once inside the story, something that perhaps no other film has done before. There is no conscious nostalgia, nor an "anti-romantic" reversal to physical squalor, no overt visual reference to Lautrec or Renoir—no "approach," in fact, except that of making the past as naturally, continuously alive as the present. And then, the situation itself is worked out completely in terms of human relationships. Meetings, encounters, the schemes and impulses that result, determine these lives—Marie, queen of courtesans, bored with her apache lover, desired by the leader of his gang, and falling for Manda the carpenter at a *bal* on the bank of a river; their intense communication of passion with hardly a word spoken, and the flowering of sensual love into a deep, abiding trust and tenderness; Manda killing Marie's discarded lover in a knife duel, and the shadow of this fatal act falling across every subsequent event, to the grim climax in which Marie sees him at the guillotine. The forlorn image with which the film closes is characteristic. The great knife has fallen, and Marie bows her head; a dissolve, and down the empty terrace of the café the lovers are waltzing slowly, irrevocably, into the distance. An episode is closed, but the farewell is to what

has been lost, not to the loss itself. We don't feel either the ingrained fatalism or the social complaint of, say, *Le Jour se Lève* (and the confrontation in these two films of the good and the evil lover, the former goaded into shooting the latter, is in many ways similar); the sense of outrage and human tragedy is somehow more immediate and more lasting.

The background to this tale is peopled with many characters, often briefly but never perfunctorily observed. The apache toughs are sharply drawn and distinguished, a party of society people visiting a "picturesque" cafe is described with the same mixture of charm and irony that Becker applied to the smart entourage in *Edouard et Caroline*. The lovers themselves, Marie with her rich physical grace and confidence, ripening, softening, and then, at the end, suddenly pale and withdrawn, Manda with his solid, lonely reserve and strength, are wonderfully played by Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani; only the villain's part—the vain, petty, deceitful gang-leader—reflects at times a more conventional element in the conception. As a whole the film is the best that Becker has yet done, perhaps the best to come from France since *Le Diable au Corps*.

GAVIN LAMBERT

"Bells of St. Martin's," at the St. Martin's

If anything were needed to prove that sheer invention cannot by itself make a successful revue, this entertainment would be a sufficient demonstration. Richard Waring and his co-authors have had a number of clever ideas but in almost every case they have failed to carry them out: as a result, this show smacks strongly of Mr. Coward's Red Peppers. Bad puns, a couple of inconceivably banal idylls, clumsy stage-management and some of the feeblest black-out lines ever heard in a theatre—these are depressing setbacks. On the credit side, there are several witty numbers, including one about a lovelorn headsman at the Tower and another concerning a sadistic Tube conductor, which Herbert Farjeon himself would have been proud to own. And there is Miss Hattie Jacques, resplendently ample as a Roman matron cutting her cables on Falernian, or as a Big Girl celebrating *le sacre du printemps* at the Ministry. Miss Jacques has the personality of the born *diseuse*. As a D.P. from St. Trinian's, she is the embodiment of human nastiness; as an Edwardian Miss Worthington with a white parasol and a high bonnet trimmed with red roses, singing "Put Me On The Stage, Mother," she is everything our grandfathers found desirable. There is also Mr. Douglas Byng, ageless in technique and appearance. Mr. Byng cannot be assessed like other artists. He has become a moveable feast, a Public Institution. He belongs inescapably to the golden age of Charlot and, like the Bourbons, he has learnt and forgotten nothing. Our delight when he cracks a terrible joke about the Parson's Nose is one of period recognition.

J. N. B. R.

Novelties at the Proms

An unadventurous season of Proms, in which the main excitement had previously been the explosion of a fire-cracker during Tatiana's Letter Scene, was enlivened last week by two novelties. The Carl Nielsen Violin Concerto, played by the composer's son-in-law, Emil Telmányi, who was its first interpreter forty years ago, was neither ungrateful nor disagreeable: yet it disappointed those who know Nielsen's masterly symphonies. Far more remarkable was the *Romance* which Vaughan Williams had written for Larry Adler's harmonica. Awaited as a curiosity, this turned out to be one of the most melodious and original of the composer's shorter works. He has seized with obvious delight on every opportunity offered by this novel concert instrument, making seductive harmonic sequences out of the tonal ambiguity of its shifting triads, and distilling liquid melodies as smooth as olive oil against a gently scored background of strings and piano. The piece captivated the audience and was instantly encored.

D. S.-T.

Correspondence

THE EGGS IN THE OMELETTE

SIR,—Three years after the founding of the British People's Democratic Republic, Mrs. Naomi Mitchison brought out a novel about the fortunes of a crofting family in Kintyre over four generations, from the Clearances to the creation of the People's Co-operative Crofting Farms. She had been able to write it in record time, for as a Deserving People's Artist she could now afford to keep domestic servants. But it had taken nearly a year for the book to be read and criticised by a committee of the Scottish Writers' Union in Glasgow, by the Campbeltown branch of the Crofting Workers' Union (who had also sent to their Central Office in Glasgow for an opinion), and by the Scotlit Department of the Scottish Board of Commissioners in Edinburgh. As the criticisms came in, Mrs. Mitchison had progressively rewritten the book several times; but now at last her six copies lay on her desk, bound in the red and green colours of the Scotlit Publishing Trust.

At about the same time some 50,000 enemies of the people were shot in Scotland, mainly in the industrial towns. Mrs. Mitchison heard rumours about it, but in Kintyre nothing much had happened: three or four people had vanished from Tarbert and seven kulaks—crofters who had wilfully withheld their full quota of potatoes from the State deliveries—had been sentenced by the People's Court to terms ranging from fifteen years' imprisonment to two years' corrective educational labour.

Mrs. Mitchison's book was well received. The *New Oban Times* in particular declared that it gave a true picture of the evils of crofting life under feudal and bourgeois rule, exposed the wretched conditions of the people under the Right-wing Social-Democratic "Illfare State," and fully described the crofters' happy and prosperous life on their new co-operative farms. The review in the *New Statesman* was in the same terms, though the reviewer complained that Mrs. Mitchison did not bring out quite so fully as she should have the pre-eminent part played in the crofters' struggle by the Communist Party, and that she seemed at one point (but doubtless through a slip of the typewriter) to condone the bourgeois pacifism of the notorious reactionary Emrys Hughes. In the same issue Critic wrote: "It is queer that prejudice should die as hard as it does. I am told that some people have actually expressed sympathy with the few remnants of the old capitalist classes in Scotland who have lately tried to stand in the way of our revolution and have had to have the danger of their attitude made clear to them. I suppose it goes to show that outworn ways of thinking are more widespread than we thought, even in London. It is odd to think that even my old friend A. E. Coppard, sound as he was in other ways, could not quite see that counter-revolutionaries must be dealt with firmly (this handful of people in Scotland, I am assured, were all agents of the so-called Government in the Faroes). But if he were still alive I am sure he would now agree with me."

A week later the *Labour Monthly* carried a leading article on "Survivals of Bourgeois Ideology Among Scottish Writers and Critics." Mrs. Mitchison, it said, had not only slighted in her new book the part played by the Communist Party; she had almost entirely omitted to mention the immense debt the crofters owed the invincible Soviet Army and the great Stalin, and to point out the urgent need to reform Scottish crofting by emulating Soviet methods of agriculture. She had also failed to protest against the attempted sabotage of the Co-operative Crofting Farms by egalitarianism in wages and slackness in Socialist competition.

Mrs. Mitchison burned her six copies, went to Glasgow for a bout of criticism and self-criticism with the Writers' Union, and then to Edinburgh for another bout with the Scotlit Department (which had meanwhile called in all copies of her book). Finally she returned to Carradale and sat down to the job of rewriting. The *New Oban Times* acquired a new literary editor.

In London, Critic wondered that his old friend Mrs. Mitchison could have been so mistaken. "But remember," said the Editor of the *New Statesman*, "ten million books are published in Britain each year, not including the seven million copies of Stalin's Works. There's bound to be a slip here and there." "Still," said Critic, "I'm a bit worried about the way things are going in Scotland. This isn't the only trouble. Of course, 50,000 isn't a very large number. . . ." But here he glanced into the mirror and saw a slight frost settle on the Editor's face. He said no more.

A few weeks later, in Accra—the last stronghold of Western Democracy in the Old World—Nkritic, the Editor of the *New Gold Coast Standard*, was having tea with his friend Mrs. Mitchikoko. "Queer thing, this," he said, "about Naomi's book. I wonder how she feels about it." "Oh, but she just *loves* it," said Mrs. Mitchikoko. "It's fun. Constant movement, constant change of creative line. Shows there's a real Link. You don't Exist in a Vacuum any more. They *all* love it." "I daresay you're right," said Nkritic. "But what I'm really worried about is these people in Glasgow and Musselburgh who've been shot. Scotland's a big place, of course, but 50,000 seems rather a lot. What I mean is, was it really *necessary*?" "I expect so," said Mrs. Mitchikoko. "You have to get rid of these people who stand in the way, and then everybody can be happy. Besides, the Scots are used to it. The clan spirit, you know. They *love* killing their enemies, especially domestic ones." "Yes, yes," said Nkritic. "It's the spirit of Scotland all right, and, besides, you can't have revolution with rose water. It wouldn't do *here*, of course, and I suppose that's why I wondered if they couldn't have gone about it a bit more discreetly. But the Scottish Revolution must go marching on." "Quite right," said Melanie, a parrot. "I've heard it all before. Remember those fools who objected to the Fascists bumping off people in Italy, and the Nazis bumping off people in Germany, and Franco and the Iron Guard and all the rest? There never was anything in it. I said so all the time. You can't have revolution with rose water, except in the Gold Coast, where people are sensible. These governments did *good*, and everyone *loved* it except a handful

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of cranks and reactionaries. Remember the Pontine Marshes? And no unemployment or strikes in Germany? And no unemployment or strikes in Russia or Scotland now, for that matter? I'm an old parrot and I've seen a lot, and I tell you it's not only *necessary*, it's a thoroughly *Good Thing*." "You are a stupid parrot," murmured Mrs. Mitchikoko, and poured Nkritic another cup of tea.

Manchester. JOHN ROSSELLI

SIR,—Naomi Mitchison's specious piece of pleading for the Russian way of life would have been more convincing if she had omitted her last paragraph, in which she says that the Common Man in Russia is "uncorrupted" by things like comics and westerns, and that the Russian child "gets a decent mental feeding." He is thus, she infers, better able to judge the important (mostly political) matters expounded by Soviet authors.

The sheer nonsense of this statement is demonstrated by the Communist countries themselves practically every day in their English-speaking propaganda from Russia and its satellites, from which it is obvious that the Soviet people's minds are stuffed with more poisonous lies and distortions about the forbidden outside world than is propagated by all the comics, westerns, pulp books and women's magazines in the wicked capitalist world.

Some time ago I listened to a Soviet broadcast in which it was inferred that in England there were no social services whatsoever, and that the destitute and the ill were left to starve and die by the brutal capitalist system.

It is difficult to understand how an intelligent woman like Mrs. Mitchison can deceive herself into believing that people fed on such distortions and lies are in any way less "corrupted" than the Common Man in England—unless her reference to the Russian edition of the Hans Andersen fairy tales was a subtle sort of joke. FRANK USHER

4 Salisbury House,
Hove, Sussex.

LABOUR UNITY

SIR,—As the Annual Conference of the Labour Party approaches I feel that the time has come for all of us to see the Bevanite controversy in its proper perspective.

First of all, it is *not* a struggle between Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan for the leadership of the Party; neither is it an organised attempt at subversion by a disaffected group within the Party, and least of all can it be characterised as a clash of the Left and Right wings of the Party, the one to preserve control, the other to gain it. Rather, what we are witnessing is an attempt, albeit a confused one, by the membership of the Party to find a policy that is based, not on expediency, but on a set of clearly defined principles.

As your journal has consistently pointed out during the last two years or so, the Labour Government lost its dynamic, not because its leaders were tired men, but because they gradually and disastrously forsook principle for expediency when making important policy decisions. The overwhelmingly pro-Bevan character of the resolutions tabled for the Morecambe Conference is a clear indication that the membership of the Labour Party recognises this fact and wants something done about it.

The simple fact is that the membership of the Labour Party prefers a policy based on principles to one based on expedients. It prefers to go to the people with a policy that will give a concrete expression to those principles based on a clear assessment of the facts of our present economic situation. To drift from one expedient to another is not being realistic, as some would have us believe. Neither is it a sign of woolly-mindedness to try to apply our principles to our present situation, fraught as it is with difficulties, anomalies and strange predicaments.

Here, then, we have the heart of the matter, and in a world where Social-Democratic principles are being challenged every day it behoves the world's largest and most influential Party committed to a defence of those principles to accept the challenge with a reaffirmation of its purpose and with a repudiation of all those within its ranks who would drag it down along the broad, primrose-lined road of expediency to a slow extinction.

London, W.2. B. J. GREEN

HEALTH SERVICE CHARGES

SIR,—Norman MacKenzie in his report on the T.U.C. implies that the Labour Party has not yet "officially" committed itself to the ending of charges in the Health Service (other than those imposed by the 1946 Act). Yet this is what I said in the House of Commons on May Day:

> So looking at all the Measures together, the 1949 Act, the 1951 Act, and this Bill of 1952, on behalf of my Rt. Hon. and Hon. friends I say that when we are returned to power we shall take steps, as soon as Parliamentary opportunity permits, to bring all these charges—charges for drugs, medicines, appliances, dentures, dental treatment and spectacles—to an end.

The words "on behalf of my Rt. Hon. and Hon. friends" are the recognised Parliamentary formula which (used of course only after dicussion in a meeting upstairs) committed the Parliamentary Labour Party. The National Executive of the Labour Party has committed itself, in a pamphlet issued in August, by saying:

> Labour will, at the earliest opportunity, remove the permanent charges the Tories have imposed and the temporary one which Labour brought in for a limited period.

HILARY A. MARQUAND

House of Commons.

NAPALM

SIR,—The American Secretary for Defence has attempted to justify the use of napalm bombs by the United States Air Force in Korea. His point is that napalm is jellied petrol, jellied petrol is a form of fire, and that fire has been a weapon of war since the earliest times. This ingenuous statement overlooks the vital questions. What form of fire is this, and to what purpose is it put? No doubt there are precedents for soaking innocent people with oil, and burning them alive, but not respectable ones.

Of a Korean drenched by blazing jellied petrol from an American napalm bomb, we read: "His whole body was covered by a black hard crust. He had to stand, he could not sit or lie, because he was no longer covered with a skin, but with a crust like crackling which broke easily." One hopes that most of the men, women and children on whom napalm falls have a less horrible fate. They may merely be lit like torches and burn to death. Some time ago an American journalist told us of a village which had fallen a victim to American bombing. The inhabitants (including children in an orphanage) stood as in life. Presumably they were held up by the black hard crust. Since that time the air raids have been intensified, and napalm has been used in large quantities. If this "unconventional weapon" is considered suitable for use in a United Nations' war against aggression, the Americans should at least refrain from pouring it on the civilian population of North Korea. Surely people living in North Korean towns, villages and farms, can hardly be said to be committing aggression against the United Nations.

The Americans are making much of the fact that the civilian population are being warned by leaflet to fly from areas which are to be attacked. If such warning related to one or two towns, some civilians would escape, although the poor, the sick and the aged would be likely to remain victims of the fire from heaven. Actually leaflets were showered on 78 North Korean towns. This reduces the warning to a farce. It would be useless, even for propaganda purposes. The least intelligent person must realise that the whole civilian urban population of North Korea cannot be evacuated, even under threat of mass murder. Where are the unfortunate creatures to go, and how are they to be fed? The North Korean hills are no refuge at their best, still less in the monsoons, or in winter. The refugees would mingle with military traffic, and the tragedies of the Belgian roads would be re-enacted on a monstrous scale. In my judgment this sort of warning can have no other effect than to add the horrors of anticipation to the other horrors endured by the people we are purporting to liberate.

With the dropping of the first Atomic bomb the Americans crossed the Rubicon, from war to genocide. It is vital that the civilised world should retrace that step if it is to be saved from destruction. The United Nations should denounce any attempt to terrorise civilians by the threat of mass murder. This point has been put by Mr. Lewis Mumford in his book *The Conduct of Life*. He writes that war at least limits the area of violence and murder to designated identifiable groups. Genocide knows no limits of any kind. This distinguished American gives a warning which our leaders should heed.

> The most flagrant example of this devaluation was the adoption by the democracies during the period of the second world war of the Fascist practice of random extermination, by bomb and fire and atomic fission from the air. This moral debasement was followed up in the United States by a wholesale concentration after 1945 upon instruments of genocide, from the atom bomb to biological weapons of an even more wanton and uncontrollable order, as a cheap substitute for war; a gross military error and a moral sin for which many innocent Americans may yet lose their lives. But where was the moral reaction that should have taken place after 1945, if not during the second world war, against such anti-human purposes? There is but a short step from such moral perversion to rabid madness. Only a civilisation that had everywhere extirpated its living sense of good and evil could make such a fatal mistake.

If madness is the fanatical pursuit of one idea to the exclusion of all else, then the short step to madness seems to have been taken by the leaders of the anti-Communist crusade in the United States. Many of the utterances by American politicians and Generals (if one may distinguish between the two) support that impression. The latest is General Mark Clark's fulsome praise of Syngman Rhee as an inspiring example. Their one aim seems to be to kill Communists, for which purpose they will tolerate the foulest people and the vilest weapons. We in this country are not immune. Is it too much to hope that our leaders will take a stand against the use of air power to terrorise civilians with the threat of mass murder? It would not be reasonable to expect Mr. Churchill to act. He has already made his position clear. Could not Mr. Attlee do the same?

T. A. COLLINS

Richmond.

"MERRY ENGLAND"

SIR,—In a recent issue I read the above mentioned article and, as a French woman, visiting my relatives here in England, I can give you a few additional reasons standing between your beautiful country and the tourist traffic.

About 10 days ago I arrived by car, after a very rough crossing in Dover, where we had to leave the boat at 7 a.m., it took exactly 3 hours to get our car ashore and past the Customs. It was raining very hard and I did not care to go with my little son to town in quest of a cup of coffee or tea. There are no arrangements to get something hot or anything at all on the quay side. When we finally left the Customs shed we drove to what was pointed out to us as the first hotel in town to be received by the waiter on duty with the words: "Sorry, too late for breakfast."

I have been travelling rather extensively in Europe after the war, but I have never had a similar experience anywhere else, I am sorry to admit.

ALICE BENOIT

SERVICEMEN IN ASIA

SIR,—I am editing a book of short stories, poems, extracts from letters, etc., written by Servicemen while stationed in the Far East. Part of it will be taken from material collected during the last war but I would be grateful if any of your readers with relatives and friends who are now, or who have been, serving in Korea and South-East Asia would send me any such contributions they may consider suitable. If original material is sent I will return it within a few days. My aim is to show the interest taken by such Servicemen in the life and conditions of the Asiatic peoples.

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London, N.6.

Books in General

BETWEEN the two World Wars, when poets still thought it was proper to learn and to think, the "Metaphysicals" came palpably back into fashion. Mr. Eliot's essay on the subject in 1921, elicited by Professor Grierson's excellent anthology, *Metaphysical Poetry from Donne to Butler*, provided at least two generations of British intellectuals with a set of aggressive quotations: "something had happened to the mind of England" in the latter half of the seventeenth century; "a thought to Donne was an experience," whereas after his time "a dissociation of sensibility set in," the amending of which, it was implied, had been left to ourselves, it being up to us to "form new wholes" from falling in love and reading Spinoza, from the noise of the typewriter and the smell of cooking. From this parallel between Donne's time and our own the conclusion was drawn "that it appears likely that poets in our civilisation, as it exists at present, must be *difficult*," a conclusion most gratefully accepted by Mr. Eliot's juniors to most of whom Chaucer and Wordsworth were merely bores and Homer—if they had analysed it—excluded by definition from the realm of poetry. It is possible that Mr. Eliot overstated his case in this memorable essay; it is certain that his disciples overstated Mr. Eliot and fell, in his name, into a narrow view of poetry as such and into a distorted view of the Metaphysicals, neither of which views he would have countenanced. Thus these younger men assumed that the *prime* virtue of the Metaphysicals was the audacity of their conceits; concordantly with that, they spoke of "the Metaphysicals" but what they usually meant was Donne.

Donne is, of course, a young man's poet and even his religious poems were acceptable to an irreligious youth because of his violent or morbid elements, the persistence of the Old Jack. It is regrettable therefore, but hardly surprising, that during the Twenties and Thirties so little attention was paid to George Herbert. Here was a poet who appeared never to have been unregenerate and whose poetry was *all* religious—and Church of England at that; true to the traditions of that Church, it lacked both the rhapsodic flights of a Catholic mystic, such as Crashaw, and the brute drama of the Puritans. Certainly, in the twentieth century the Church of England does appear often to be a *via media* in the worst sense of the term, a bad Samaritan's middle of the road, a middle that knows neither Heavan nor Hell. But it is crude history to assume that it was always such and even today one can sometimes stumble on a member of that body, even on a parson, who not only practises the Christian ethic (which of itself would not make him a Christian) but feels and lives in the Christian legend, waking up elated on Easter Day and even, like Herbert, regarding the fifty-one other Sundays as "days of mirth," as pillars "on which heav'n's palace arched lies." Such people are very rare and almost never poets. Herbert who, with all allowance made for the hagiographical slant of Walton's *Life*, was to all intents and purposes a saint, was also a poet—and a fine one. Sheer curiosity, one would have thought, should make us read him.

On purely technical grounds it is a pity that young poets looking for models to the early seventeenth century should have so ignored Herbert and pondered so much on Donne; Donne is, I think, the greater poet but he is certainly a worse model, just as Gerard Manley Hopkins is a worse model than Yeats. To write like either Donne or Hopkins you have to *start* peculiar, whereas, while both Herbert and Yeats are also peculiar in their very different ways (for few of us are bound either for the Kingdom of God or for the Celtic Twilight), their peculiarities are not so violent or deep as to subordinate their work to their psychology. To put it differently, Herbert and Yeats are more *classical*. Dr. Johnson, discussing the Metaphysical poets in his life of Cowley, does not mention Herbert and this is significant, for Johnson there is doing unkindly what we in our time may have done in mistaken adulation, picking out strained conceits which throw their poems out of balance—and he picks them out because they *stick out*. Herbert's conceits very rarely stick out offendingly but are usually organic parts of a whole; nearly all his poems are in balance. His first virtue is *construction*; equal second are the sureness of his music and the purity of his diction which, of course, are part and parcel of construction. He has his pedestrian lapses—"Most things move th' under-jaw; the Crocodile not"—but, compared with most English poets, he maintains a very high standard while, compared with most religious poets, he remains masculine, crisp.

If poets can be forgiven for misreading earlier poets (since even misreadings can be fertile), the non-writing reader should not be encouraged to do so, certainly not by professional literary critics. Yet this is just what some critics are doing today, which is why it is most refreshing to find Professor Rosemond Tuve* opening a withering, yet not unfriendly, fire on them. In her own words, she is using "tools which the newer criticism would like to relinquish" in her allegiance to the old-fashioned "idea that a poem is most beautiful and most meaningful to us when it is read in terms of the tradition which gave it birth." She opposes the new heresy "that understanding is not valuably or reliably advanced by information *directly* bearing on *consciously* intended meaning" (italics mine) and deplores "the wilful modern divorce between 'scholarship' and 'criticism'." Not that she ignores the fact that scholarship can desiccate and kill—she has far too much humanity and humour—but she sees that the opposite school is attended by the same danger: "much modern criticism does not, in fact, seem to make the poetry more pleasurable . . . The same old modern swindle, process substituted for essence, has caught us again." How true that is; with all due credit to Freud for his hugely fruitful illuminations, in the spheres of literature and the arts—and in that of personal relationships when two or three are gathered together to decide what is wrong or even what is right with their friends—new analyst only too often is but old bore writ large.

* *A Reading of George Herbert*. By ROSEMOND TUVE. *Faber* 25*s*.

One of Herbert's longer and most striking poems, *The Sacrifice*, was discussed by Mr. William Empson in his *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, a discussion which Professor Tuve considers brilliant but "inadequate." She accordingly proceeds, for the first half of this book, to correct and fill in the picture, on the assumption that "much that is 'outside' a poem to us was well inside it to our forefathers." Drawing on a mass of evidence, including stained-glass windows and illustrations to Hour-books (some fascinating samples of which are here reproduced) she establishes many secondary points such as Herbert's "habit of freely reading New Testament meanings back into Old Testament images" (*e.g.*, his acceptance of "Moses as a type of Christ which is a commonplace of iconography," the piercing of Christ's side becoming "almost synonymous with Moses' striking of the rock to bring forth the stream of saving water"). She also proves her more general contention, as regards *The Sacrifice*, that "all the types of ironic contrast, upon which Herbert's poem is constructed and which work down into its details to give it that ambiguity, density, and ambivalence of tone that we think of as so especially 'Metaphysical,' are explicit in the tradition." Thus she cites such precedents from medieval lyric as this magnificent (Metaphysical? modernist?) ironic-epigrammatic paradox:

> And in thy soul I set free will,
> And now I hang on Calvary hill.

But all this, as she sees after proving that Herbert was not the innovator we thought him, raises the question of "originality." I think we must agree with her when she concludes:

> Were every element in some of Herbert's images as worn and familiar as a proverb, the cadences and rhythm of his language would yet give them for us the uniqueness of something never before heard. . . . *Tone of voice is a component of meaning.* [Italics mine.]

In fact, and more perhaps in some of the many poems which she does not discuss, Herbert does seem to invent some things for himself (not all his conceits surely are "traditional"?) just as many of his poems seem to make a pretty full impact on a reader who lacks Professor Tuve's special knowledge. But she has done a great service to lovers of Herbert and of poetry in bridging a pseudo-historical gulf which in no genuine way heightened the stature of the "Metaphysical" poets who were stranded on the near side of it. When we realise "that Metaphysical wit and concord of unlikes in an image is precisely the operation, much condensed, of the old (and maligned) allegorical mode of writing," then possibly—however much and however justifiably we may prefer condensation to expansion—we shall even think of re-reading Spenser. For he is, as Professor Tuve says, "the most notable example of a great poet all but lost to modern readers," lost because they—and readers for centuries "in a world that expected religion to be science and poetry to be the *literal* truth"—had lost the technique for reading him. Inasmuch as we are dropping those two expectations, some such technique, or rather "habit of mind," is possibly now coming back to us—and about time too.

Thus many of Mr. Auden's poems have an affinity with such allegories in miniature as Herbert's *Time* or *The Quip*, *The Bag* or *The*

Pilgrimage; the affinity extends from the habit of mind itself to the modulation of tones, the entrances and exits, the vitalisation of clichés, the organisation of the stanza. But there is one great difference. Symbols, as used by Herbert (though not by many poets since), being less fluid than other brands of metaphor, imply "a whole system of traditional and publicly known correspondences" whereas now "things have come to such a pass that we do not even recognise great numbers of symbols" belonging to our own tradition which is half Judaic-Christian and half Græco-Roman. Herbert after all was not only a saint but a classical scholar and as either was congenial to his public. A modern poet, like Mr. Auden, may be highly versed in a number of mythologies, but how many of his readers can be counted on to recognise Elijah or Pentheus or St. Paul or Baldur or Tristan—or even Narcissus?

LOUIS MACNEICE

QUESTIONS ON THE STAIRCASE

How will you destroy me, love?
  Tonight you stop me on the stair
  With ghost signal of despair.
  Why do I hesitate? O where
Could I cast off the habit, love?

Is he your messenger of loss
  Who in the mirror by my side
  Stands silently? Are you his bride?
  Am I moon cursed to be denied
And live within this mirror, loss?

How will you love a ghost
  Against whose cold you had complained?
  When I to comfort you remained
  Had you already entertained
Familiarly that ghost?

Thus imprisoned and alone
  His actions I must imitate
  Although he watches me in hate;
  I am a ghost, and dumb to state
My killing features are his own.

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH

POET SEEKS ACCOMMODATION

Needing the lonely seashore and the fell,
The forest and the unencumbered mountain,
A wild creature, loving solitude, he has to seek
The company of hunters, cultivated men.

Then he must lock himself away, close eyes and ears
Against the very neighbours he was taught to love:
The broadcast he can not endure enjoys itself,
Thumps, mews, chatters and applauds itself.

Not even then, alone, by candlelight, with curtains drawn,
Will he unlock himself again. For he shall raven
Perfect stillness only in a tomb of dust,
The wilderness where he is tamed no more.

That is the one room vacant in the world's wide house.
And he will be the perfect tenant, providing own
Linen, bed and board, requiring no attendance,
Never forgetting to turn out lights, or lock the door.

All he may do, who cannot choose his fate,
Is to obey his own instinctive voice;
Accept, and yet defy, the world he cannot hate.
Even not to make one, is to make a choice.

JAMES KIRKUP

HERO-TITO! HERO-TITO!

Tito of Yugoslavia. By K. ZILLIACUS. *Michael Joseph.* 21*s.*

Konni Zilliacus is the Tito of British Labour; and Tito is the Zilliacus of Communism. Author and subject were made for each other. Previous British writers on Tito have seen him from outside—sometimes admiring, sometimes criticising, but always with a detached and calculating air. Mr. Zilliacus was a Titoist before the concept was invented. All his life he has been in search for a cause; but his earlier enthusiasms, from the League of Nations to the Soviet Union, turned out very disappointing. Now at last he has found a Utopia without a flaw; and he can join in the chant which accompanies Communist meetings in Yugoslavia: "Hero-Tito! Hero-Tito!" For once the description is justified. Tito is as good a hero as our age can produce. Charm, courage, resolution, simplicity—Tito has them all. This is an excellent book as a picture of an individual. Something comes over, and that something is near the reality. There is not much new in it. Like most great men, Tito has the art of conveying platitudes as though they were breath-takingly original; and Mr. Zilliacus records them with perhaps too much awe.

Of course, Mr. Zilliacus is not content to be a biographer. Tito's life is the peg for two themes, one historical, the other political. First, his past is used to illustrate the vast changes which have taken place in the South Slav lands in the last sixty years; secondly, his present raises the question "whether, and, if so how, non-Communist and Communist States can live at peace with each other." Mr. Zilliacus is not at his best as a historian. He is rather slap-dash and shaky in his facts. For instance it is disturbing to find an authority on Central Europe describing Tisza as "Hungarian Foreign Minister" or ascribing to Napoleon a saying by Palacky. Again, Mr. Zilliacus has some difficulty in reconciling his past beliefs with his present one. He still thinks it an adequate description of pre-war diplomacy to write: "the Western Powers preferred the risks of appeasing the Fascist regimes to making an ally of the Soviet Union", and he finds himself in the odd position of endorsing Mr. Chester Wilmot's contested thesis that as early as 1942 Winston Churchill was concerned to prevent the spread of "Russian barbarism" after the war. In fact, he is inclined to present the Soviet leaders as eager for co-operation with the West until pushed into hostility by the Fulton speech and the Truman doctrine in Greece and Turkey. The Yugoslavs are more realistic. They now trace the degeneration of the Russian Communist party back to the death of Lenin; and, if they are not careful, they will soon find the seeds of Stalinism in Lenin's own writings. Mr. Zilliacus should have pushed his historical studies further. He might then have discovered something really interesting, that Titoism is a modern version of Austro-Marxism, and Tito himself the heir of Otto Bauer with his Two-and-a-half International. For that matter, the idea of a federal State, reconciling the nationalities, and holding a balance between East and West, goes back to Metternich; and Marshal Tito now claims the same historical role as the Habsburgs.

Can he also claim to have invented a new sort of Socialism? Mr. Zilliacus asserts: "Yugoslavia's evolution shows that given favourable conditions (including friendship and co-operation with the West) Communism can mellow and broaden down into democratic Socialism". The evidence for this does not appear in his book. The Yugoslavs themselves now admit that the centralised planning which they devised after the war (and which was really no planning at all) has broken down; but there is as yet little to show that decentralised planning has done any better. If economic conditions have improved in Yugoslavia, which is doubtful, this has been achieved by a retreat from communal farming. The movement to political freedom is equally mythical. Marshal Tito claims the support, according to Mr. Zilliacus, of 96 per cent. of the people; yet he keeps in prison politicians of impeccable democratic convictions, many of whom incidentally were encouraged by us to return to Yugoslavia and work with the Communists after the war. There is undoubtedly more academic freedom and more freedom of speech in Yugoslavia than in the Cominform countries; but not more than in Spain, however odious the comparison may sound. There is less than before the war; and Yugoslavia remains the police-State that it has always been.

Certainly the Western friends of Yugoslavia can be proud of her independence; and equally certainly it would greatly strengthen the peace of the world if Titoism spread throughout the Soviet empire. But it does no service to believe that Yugoslavia is as yet far on the road to democracy. If she takes this road, it will be because of the pressure from both sides which makes a detached position impossible; and Marshal Tito himself has lately admitted, though under his breath, that neutrality is increasingly difficult. We would all like to be the third force if we could, and the future may still spin that way. But so far events have gone in the opposite direction, and Yugoslavia is being dragged along with them. It will take more even than Hero-Tito to save us from the third world war. A. J. P. TAYLOR

BOOK COLLECTING

A.B.C. for Book Collectors. By JOHN CARTER. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

"Shaken, a small section missing from bottom of the spine, one joint cracked"—whereas to the uninitiated such phrases smack of the casualty-ward, bibliophiles will readily recognise in them the common jargon of their favourite breakfast-reading, the bookseller's catalogue. Even advanced addicts however, might be hard put to it to define briefly all such terms as "dropped head," "filleting," "floated copy," "forel," "mitred," "press figures," "*remboîtage*," "stilted" and "yapp." Mr. Carter's is far the most ambitious and successful attempt to compile a glossary of terms for book collectors. His quarter of a century's experience of bibliophiles in both England and the United States gives his appraisal of their needs particular authority, and while this book is "required reading" for novices on both sides of the antiquarian bookseller's counter, there will be few collectors so experienced that they will not learn from it, and certainly none who will not relish the writer's polished and sometimes pungent exegesis. Mr. Carter has written a handful of bibliographical works, but none, I think, has provided such a suitable setting for his individual gift of succinct definition, which loses nothing of its clarity from being phrased elegantly and often epigrammatically as well.

This book, however, is more than an admirably produced guide to the terminology of the most fascinating of pursuits. Mr. Carter has adopted the device used brilliantly by H. W. Fowler in his *Modern English Usage*, and has introduced into his alphabetical frame-work a number of highly subjective articles in which he gives some of his hobby-horses an airing. These interpolations make what might have been merely a reference book worth reading from cover to cover. In *The Chronological Obsession*, for example, he voices the opinion, which will be considered heretical in many quarters, that the pre-occupation of collectors with the *first* edition is carried to excess, and in *Point-Maniacs* and *Issue-Mongers* he indulges in some hard hitting at exploiters of the weaknesses of those who have idolised priority above all else. Even more iconoclastic (but infinitely sensible) is his view that collectors in their laudable quest for books in fine original condition took a wrong turning when they started to demand eighteenth-century books in boards or wrappers with their edges untrimmed by the binder's shears. There is no doubt that on the day of publication the vast majority of copies of, say, *The Castle of Otranto* passed across Lowndes's counter in neat calf bindings with their edges cut. To pay, as a

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modern collector will, six times as much for an uncut copy as for a cut example, shows a lack of proportion, while to refuse a cut copy of a great rarity in a contemporary binding in the remote hope of finding an uncut one later is lunacy. A dozen of Pope's slim folio first editions, collected into a gilt-backed calf volume by an original owner, is surely a more satisfying object to place on the shelf than twelve separate flabby pamphlets propped upright by the stiffening in their modern buckram folders; and yet the former could be acquired at a quarter the cost of the latter.

There is, of course, another aspect of this question. Collectors who demand an unachievably high standard of condition sentence themselves to a life-time of disappointment and their disconsolate booksellers to bankruptcy. The late Lord Keynes, who had a pretty shrewd idea of the laws of supply and demand, once made the following rather cynical overstatement in a letter: "It is no use for booksellers to take an interest in books which are really rare. The thing to do is to work up interest where there are plenty of copies to be had." He had been goaded into this dictum by what he considered the disproportionate prices realised by certain books in the auction-rooms during 1944. What he meant, or what I like to think he meant, was that he realised that it was useless for booksellers to foster a demand in their customers which could never be fulfilled.

One of Mr. Carter's happiest articles is entitled *Blurb*; and his classification, with examples, of types of annotation in catalogues is very good reading. To his type (iii) the "whimsical," "homespun" or "defiant" I should like to add the "titillatory," *e.g.*, "Nice item of '*curiosa femina*'" (from a 1950 catalogue). There was also a type of nineteenth-century note, now alas defunct, which I should call the "sectarian." One splendid example sticks in my mind from a catalogue of the Eighties. To a fifteenth-century volume of Latin *Quaestiones* by an Italian Cardinal was attached the footnote: "The Cardinal must have had a dirty mind to have thought of some of these questions." A. N. L. MUNBY

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THE HARWELL EXPERIMENT

Harwell: The British Atomic Energy Establishment. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 6s.

In the first five years of its existence Harwell has had more excitements than it either desired or deserved, so a straightforward account of what it has tried to do, and what it has actually done, is highly desirable. Harwell is the Government establishment for the study of atomic energy in general. It is not concerned with making bombs nor with making the fissile material which may be used either in bombs or in reactors for the controlled release of atomic (more properly, nuclear) energy. It is not even concerned with detailed design of bombs or production plant. Its duty is double: "first, it is to conduct research into all aspects of atomic energy; second, it is to advise the production organisation and furnish it with the scientific and technical information that it needs." This double duty governs the whole organisation, and explains much that seems curious to an outsider.

Thus, the authority concerned with some of the most secret matters in the country has published some 250 scientific papers. This is as it should be. Even as a pure science, nuclear physics is not old, and that part of it which deals with the possibility of deliberately producing nuclear changes—as opposed to merely observing those which occur spontaneously in substances such as radium—is more recent still. It is only 13 years since the fundamental discovery which made it reasonably likely that release of energy on a large scale was possible. The fundamental scientific basis on which the applications must necessarily rest has had to be found while the applications are being made; the building started before the foundations had been properly laid. Now, while it is possible to develop design on known principles in an atmosphere of secrecy, such an atmosphere does not favour the discovery of scientific principles. These do not grow in the dark, but require the stimulus of free discussion before they will spring up. If an organisation is to advise effectively on the application of nuclear energy whether in peace or war, its members, or many of them, must study the principles, and be in close touch with their fellows in the Universities and elsewhere who are doing the same for purely scientific reasons. One of the most important tasks of Sir John Cockcroft, the head of Harwell, is to hold the balance evenly between research and application and indeed between research of ranging degrees of applicability. Since, of course, only the more fundamental lines of work are publishable and so recorded in this book, one cannot judge from it how effectively this has been done, but it shows very clearly the great variety of types of research needed, whether classified by subjects (as physics, chemistry, metallurgy and so on) or by their degree of abstraction.

It has been suggested that nuclear energy would have made much more rapid progress here if the establishments had been run by private industry. This may be true on the production side, but there is much less to be said for it when one comes to research, and this book has a breadth and freshness of outlook that is most heartening. It does not record any major discoveries in pure science, but it shows most satisfactory progress over a very wide front, and one is convinced after reading it that Harwell has promoted and discovered just that knowledge of theory and technique needed to advise and support those concerned with production.

The most important pieces of equipment at Harwell are the experimental piles. A pile is a structure of uranium, either natural or enriched with extra fissile material, usually in the form of rods set into a greater quantity of some substance called a moderator—at Harwell, this is graphite of exceptional purity. The whole spontaneously undergoes a nuclear reaction which heats it like a gigantic compost heap. The reaction produces plutonium as well as heat, and the rate at which the reaction can be allowed to proceed, and so at which plutonium can be produced, depends on the rate at which the heat can be removed. At Harwell the cooling is done by air. The Harwell piles serve a variety of purposes beside that of actually making plutonium. They serve as pilot plants—large-scale models—for the design and improvement of the great production piles and of possible new types of reactor, they provide a powerful source of neutrons for experiments on the properties of these particles, they act like experimental ovens in which to examine the behaviour of matter when "cooked" by radiation, and they are also used to make isotopes.

As regards the first, the design of three new types of reactor is in progress. The last but one is of great importance in the application of nuclear energy to the production of power, for one of the great difficulties in this is likely to be the loss of strength that may occur in materials subjected for long to the intense radiations, and especially the flow of neutrons, that necessarily accompany the release of large amounts of nuclear energy. Incidentally, it is interesting to see Harwell's estimate of the time scale for nuclear power. "The next three or five years will see the completion of the first experimental reactors" for power. Then five years or so during which experience will be gained of the operation and development of these reactors, and, simultaneously, work on materials will proceed, making a decade before one can say whether the generation of power by nuclear fuel is economic. That it is possible, I personally have no doubt; its economy will partly depend on the ability to make use of low-grade ores. Uranium is not rare as heavy elements go, and thorium is commoner: true, both are rarer than lead, but both are vastly commoner than gold. It is only the rich ores that are rare.

The use of the piles to make radioactive isotopes provides Harwell with its chief export. Monthly shipments have increased from around a hundred in 1948 to 800 in 1951. Some of these isotopes, such as Cobalt 60, are used as substitutes for natural radioactive substances in medicine and the arts, but the more characteristic use is as "tracers" or marked atoms. The radioactive isotope, such as sodium 24, is chemically identical with ordinary sodium and if mixed with it, as in practice it always is, the two will be carried together through biological and chemical change, but the sodium 24, being radioactive, can be detected in extremely small quantities and through considerable thickness of inert material. For example, it can be injected as sodium chloride into a vein and its flow followed through the living body. Piles, incidentally, have an almost morbid sensitiveness which recalls that of Joseph Finsbury's leather market. An impurity of one part in a million of boron in the graphite of a pile seriously affects its working.

Health safeguards account for an appreciable fraction of Harwell's effort. The "hot" laboratory, where strongly radioactive substances are handled, contains the most elaborate precautions against radiation and—what is still more dangerous—the ingestion of radioactive dust. Disposal of radioactive waste is quite a problem, and would be a major one if nuclear energy were used on a really large scale. Then even the Atlantic would hardly be adequate to dilute it to safe level. Disposal at sea is not very promising; the waters of the ocean do not mix very rapidly and only quite a limited amount of material can be dumped at any one point without raising the radioactivity unduly. Fortunately, the total bulk of the residues is small and the activity decreases rapidly. A very strict watch is kept on the Harwell effluent, and it may reassure Londoners to know that the radioactivity tolerated (but not reached) in the Thames water is so low as to be with difficulty measurable. It is, in fact, only about a quarter of the amount naturally present in the water supply of New York.

G. P. THOMSON

SCREENING THE MOOR

Put Money in Thy Purse. By MICHEÁL MAC LIAMMÓIR. *Methuen.* 15s.

"The diarist," writes Mr. Orson Welles in the preface to this book, "having arranged a sort of rendezvous with posterity moves, for all his good manners, in a solid aura of menace." When the chiel in question is Mr. Mac Liammóir and his notes entail a day-to-day account of the filming of *Othello*, the results are bound to be startling. This book sizzles with wit, intolerance, vitality, malice, intelligence, scenic description and Irish acrimony. The best filmland battlefront despatch ever penned by a survivor, it makes up for what it lacks in calm by abundance of *luxe et volupté*. It glows and hisses with the smoke and wealth and fire that result whenever the Artist becomes, however temporarily, the Patron.

For fourteen months, on and off, in fits and starts, Mr. Mac Liammóir filmed Iago to Mr. Welles's Moor. His art took him to Mogador, Venice, Marrakesh, Cork, Rome, Belfast and Viterbo; he "rested" briefly at Frascati, on the Côte d'Azur, and—for one interminable night—on a platform at Bologna station. He hung dizzily at right angles from windy battlements, hugged cannon in whipping Atlantic gales and croaked the same villainy a score of times through sweltering afternoons on the Grand Canal. In between he found time to eat enormous and expensive meals, talk incessantly in three or more languages, hobnob with caids and gondoliers, put in thousands of miles of air travel and tour the *closeries d'amour* of Morocco.

> . . . we were entertained for more than reasonable sums in a series of dazzlingly lighted marble rooms on long puce or sky-blue divans, by a bevy of unveiled houris smothered in *maquillage* and moles, and dressed, obviously, by Henri Matisse. They all in turn gave us honey cakes, patted our thighs, pinched our biceps, smoked our cigarettes, and finally kissed us very coyly on the nose and cackled at each other in Arabic. This followed in each case by a lot of clinging and pouting and tut-tutting when we got up to go, and in one establishment by some spitting, at which I slapped all the bottoms within reach. . . . They shrieked and slapped back. . . . and Madame, who was very fat and dressed in what seemed to be a mauve tablecloth with a bead fringe, screeched with joy and threw a box of Turkish Delight at me, which we subsequently all ate together.

Mr. Mac Liammóir is not always as boisterous as this. His book contains much sound sense about acting, the character of Iago, the future of Irish letters and a great many other subjects. It also contains a number of silhouettes of the assorted Crazy Gang the author met on his travels, including the Sienese Holy Family in "long and very beautiful Biblical clothes rather disconcertingly furnished with zip fasteners" glimpsed on the plane to Rome, and the Dutch Roderigo interviewed in a Paris hotel—"Sach en fool, this poor Roderigo—as Iago has explicked of him, one Poor Trash of Vaynice. And mit den eyes, when he tries to be intelligent, exprassion somesing so." In the drunken Cassio sequence hundreds of Arab and Jewish extras, fuddled on Coca Cola and red wine, were turned loose over the set to sing "*And let me the cannikin clink, clink, clink.*"

Small wonder that the unit soon resembled a "chic but highly neurotic lumber camp," and that each of its members became "highlier and highlier strung" with every take. In the centre of Mr. Mac Liammóir's tapestry stands Mr. Welles himself, a smouldering Renaissance despot, alternately radiating potential Oscars or plunged in bloodshot gloom:

> Pacing up and down under the moon, I learned of his endless difficulties about money, Italian Wardrobe, and cost of labour: everything as I see it is against him before he starts, but his courage, like everything else about him, imagination, egotism, generosity, ruthlessness, forbearance, impatience, sensitivity, grossness and vision, is magnificently out of proportion. His position at the moment is grotesque in its lack of stability and even likelihood, but . . . all at the end will fall into his hands, the bright-winged old gorilla.

Cajoling his Desdemona, blasting cameramen, bending seagulls to his will, murmuring darkly when his secretary had forgotten an artist's contract ("Let's get Miss Mud down and twist her arm . . ."), Mr. Welles is the Actor-Prince of some twentieth-century Machiavelli's imagination.

JOHN RAYMOND

NEW NOVELS

The Old Man and the Sea. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Chance Intruder. By E. G. THORPE. *Robert Hale.* 10s. 6d.

Street Music. By THEODORA KEOGH. *Peter Davies.* 11s. 6d.

In an admirable essay on Hemingway—which appeared in this country in *Horizon* in 1947—Mr. Robert Penn Warren opened by indicating some of the important characteristics of his stories:

> The situations and characters of Hemingway's world are usually violent . . . the situation . . . usually involves a desperate risk, and behind it is the shadow of ruin, physical or spiritual. As for the typical characters, they are usually tough men, experienced in the tough world they inhabit. . . . Or if the typical character is not of this seasoned order, he is a very young man, or boy, first entering the violent world and learning his adjustment to it.

In Mr. Hemingway's latest story we have an old fisherman engaged in catching an enormous fish off the coast of Havana. His luck recently has been poor, and the boy who has been working with him has, although unwillingly, gone out in another boat. His absence is itself a kind of presence in the long and heroic battle, first with the great fish itself, secondly with the sharks which come to despoil it. In the end the old man brings the carcase into harbour, but it is now only a worthless remnant; from the point of view of money to buy food and keep himself alive, his situation has not changed.

The situation and the characters are thus characteristic, and in the extreme brevity and precision with which they are presented, we might say classic Hemingway. The hero, like the dying bull-fighter in *The Undefeated*, is still the captain of his soul.

> "They beat me, Manolin," he said, "They truly beat me."
>
> "*He* didn't beat you. Not the fish."

It is all, in its situation, its characters, its stoicism, its knowledgeableness and even in the famous and-and style ("He took all his pain and what was left of his strength and his long-gone pride and he put it against the fishes agony and the fish came over on to his side. . . .") instantly recognisable as Hemingway.

Yet there is an important development. The typical Hemingway hero, as we have known him up to now, chooses, or perhaps it would be better to say, *wills* his situation. His heroism, so to speak, resides in the courage, style, discipline and form with which the bull-fighter voluntarily faces the bull. And it is because the bull-fighter voluntarily faces the bull that he "lives all the way up." Mr. Hemingway's heroes, in fact, have always belonged to an aristocracy, an aristocracy which at once scorns the illusions of worldly happiness and yet lives entirely by a kind of acknowledged worldly vanity. Their courage, style, discipline and form are all aesthetic, for the moral centre of their world is nothingness, *nada*, and their aristocracy resides in recognising this themselves, and in recognising other people who have recognised it. This is not the position of the Old Man. He does not will his situation. He is a fisherman by necessity, not choice. The idea of a self-selecting aristocracy is not present. So this book lacks the arbitrariness, the excitement, the esotericism, of Hemingway's earlier work; it lacks also the strain of ambiguous, unassertive self-assertiveness which is inevitably associated with the idea of aristocracy.

The Old Man and the Sea is intended, then, to be a "universal" book, dealing, however briefly, with the suffering of humanity as a whole. Its compassion is not exclusive. If it succeeded it would be a masterpiece surpassing anything

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that Mr. Hemingway has written. In my opinion it has not succeeded. Despite its great virtues, its lucidity, its brilliantly compact evocation of the sea, of physical endurance, of the power of the great fish, its compassion and its impact, it does not plumb these depths of primitive tragic simplicity at which it obviously aims, the depths which Dostoevski reached even in his first immature work *Poor Folk*. It marks a new departure in the movement, often hesitant and erratic, of Mr. Hemingway's splendid and vital talent; it is left for a later book to mark a new arrival.

Chance Encounter is a first novel full of qualities—pace, solidity, character, plot, background—all admirable. The book is set in the Derbyshire mining country, and all the characters are miners or closely connected with the mines. The hero, Peter, is a scholarship boy whose path towards becoming a doctor is abruptly closed by an accident to his father; thereafter he goes into the colliery offices. The contrast between the burning ambitions and dissatisfactions of his mother and the harsh, traditionally short-sighted, "get-the-lad-out-to-work" attitude of his father is a brilliant piece of social documentary; indeed, the book as a whole, with its intimate knowledge, is excellent in this way. It is something more as well; Peter's father is a powerfully drawn character, fine in his manhood, sympathetic even in his limitations, and moving in his defeat.

There is one defect in the plot; Irene, the young married woman with whom Peter has a love-affair, should, one feels, have provided some moral contrast with Ginger's sister Martha, who loves Peter, but who, having heroically resorted to prostitution during the Depression (the story is set before the war) is considered beyond the pale even by the comparatively enlightened Peter. But it is not this defect, trifling in a first novel, which makes this vivid and forceful picture of working-class life fall below the expectations it arouses. All that Mr. Thorpe does, however tellingly he does it, has been done before. *Chance Encounter* lacks originality, and while it is unusual to find so much performance in proportion to promise as one finds here, to find it in association with this lack is disappointing.

Miss Theodora Keogh's third novel shows a hardening of the peculiar pattern of her interests. Like her first book, *Meg*, it deals with a group of criminal, yet curiously innocent, children. This time the scene is Paris and not New York, and is complicated by a relationship between one of the children, Félice, and an adult, a musician called Claude Mitan, whose American wife Linnet also plays a part. The children are involved in the drug traffic and other rackets, yet they break into the Luxembourg Gardens, and with Mitan's help, into a disused Métro station, in order to play childish games. There is something true and touching about Miss Keogh's vision of the innocent heart under the little stained pinny of the criminal, but her adults are not so good, showing tendencies to dimness or to grotesquerie.

J. D. SCOTT

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THE UNSAFE PROFESSION

Sorge—Soviet Master Spy. By CHARLES A. WILLOUGHBY. *Kimber*. 15s.

Soviet Atomic Spies. By BERNARD NEWMAN. *Hale*. 15s.

Ever since Joshua sent two of his men to spy out the land of Israel, espionage has been a respectable trade. But the rules of war are strange and though overtly we say "all is fair," secretly we believe that war is like cricket, that the spy who works for his own people is a patriot, but that he who serves an alien Power is a traitor. Recently, the great successes of Communist espionage, where people in high positions of responsibility have betrayed their trust, have cast doubts on our conventional standards of value. Is it the case that these Communist spies were traitors, or were they honourable men faced, as Mr. Crossman says, "between the choice of betraying . . . country or creed?"

General Willoughby's account of the Sorge spy ring goes some way towards answering this question. It also tells the story of what was probably the most successful espionage feat of World War II—or indeed of any other war—the story of how Richard Sorge, ostensibly a Nazi, and Press Attaché of the German Embassy in Tokyo, was able, with the help of one Hozumi Ozaki, adviser to Prince Konoye, and other Japanese associates, to supply the Soviet Government throughout nine years with a steady stream of high-level military and diplomatic information. Perhaps the Sorge ring's greatest achievement, before the Japanese police broke it up, was to advise the Soviet Government that Japan was moving south against the U.S. and Britain and would not attack in Siberia. This invaluable news enabled the Soviet High Command in the summer of 1941 to switch troops from the Far East to fight the Nazis. It is a pity that this book, which contains a remarkable testament that Sorge wrote in prison while under sentence of death, had to be written by a man (he was General MacArthur's Intelligence Chief) who sees Communists under every bed and digresses accordingly. Even so, the author, who is far from objective in his assessment of Communists, establishes two facts of the utmost importance; first, that the members of the Sorge ring were all convinced Communists who sincerely believed that the Soviet Union was *the* progressive Power in the world; and secondly that, though the ring was manned by Communists, its members had to keep their true views secret and not associate with known Soviet sympathisers.

Sorge and his Japanese colleagues were clearly idealists. So too were many of the atomic spies whom Bernard Newman discusses in what is otherwise a very dull and unoriginal potted history. All of them—Japanese, German, British or American alike—have this feature in common, that their allegiance to Communism was fashioned at an earlier period in history, when the Soviet Union appeared to stand for social progress and was threatened by Fascism. It was much easier then for an honourable man to become a convinced Communist and maybe start on the slippery path of betraying his country. We do not know yet whether the Soviet Union will find such successful agents in the second generation; among those who have grown up not in the Thirties or early Forties, but among those who have come to political consciousness since the war, in the period of Soviet expansionism. The answer to this question is of more than academic interest to us all.

DAVID GINSBURG

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Amazing Amazon. By WILLARD PRICE. *Hememann*. 18s.

We soon realise that the title (suggesting the Panair or Booth Line tripper) is misleading, for Mr. Price knows his Amazon both by travel and reading. He has a sharp and intelligent eye, and his peculiar charm is lack of prejudice. Those looking for a pet will be interested in that "beautiful and lovable snake," the boa constrictor; the epicure, offered a variety of Amazonian dishes, will doubtless try the highly recommended toasted termite. There is also a fine collection of avowed horrors: many readers will like the *theunis* which can kill men simply by keeping them awake too long, but some will prefer the more straightforward *piranhas*, which can strip bathers to the bones in minutes. However, the real menaces are mosquitoes, and man himself. There is a chilling account of what is oddly called "The Romance of Rubber"—the boom of 1900-12 with its famous opera house at Manaus, a monument to insane depravity in a robber economy. Ten years ago soaring rubber prices caused renewed enslavement and slaughter in certain areas.

Mr. Price confidently predicts vast developments. He describes many natural resources (not all of them, by the way, strictly within the Amazon Basin) and writes enthusiastically of innovations in agriculture, public health and transport. His predictions may not be wrong, but certainly his analysis is not strong or systematic enough to bear their weight. On the other hand, he gives us significant facts that sometimes slip through a more academic net, and his approach to such matters as race relations or white settlement in the tropics is always sensible. This is a cheerful, humane and informative travel book: Mr. Price is most himself living in an Indian long-house or cast on a floating island and hopefully drifting downstream. Also, it should be added, he knows how to catch jaguars with glue.

Welsh Country Characters. By D. PARRY-JONES. *Batsford*. 15s.

Kindliness, patience, and a feeling for the past, are revealed in these impressions of Welsh rural life, and to some extent demanded of the reader also. They are less a collection of short stories than an album of daguerrotypes. Here is the Man Who Read the Bible Through; here's old Eben at the tailor's, being measured in the act of scything so that his coat won't hamper him; here's the peg-legged preacher; here are the anxious farmers at haymaking dismissing the deacon's suggestion: "What does He know about hay!" We meet, too, that other deity, Y Gwr Mawr, Y Bachgen Fry (The Big Chap, the Lad Up There) who coexisted with the Methodist God; and the impact on the rural community of the first influx of drinking, fighting, sovereign-squandering miners is drawn with a glamorous Diamond Lil touch that historians have missed.

The telling is country-style, gentle and deliberate, and by sheer sincerity often achieves a compelling pathos. The only hate-story (a squire-and-less drama of rape and vengeance) was not written by Mr. Parry-Jones at all, and stands out like a bloodstain on a surplice. For his own characters are all lovable, hallowed by distance and goodwill; he likes to picture their entrance into heaven, "for," he says of one, "I should like to meet him again." This confidence in his own destination will be shared by all who read his book.

The Medieval Scots Scholar in France. By ARNOLD FLEMING. *William Maclellan*. 15s.

In this book the writer's original emotional stimulus—his conception of the "Auld Alliance"—has overborne his critical judgment and swamped the limited field of his subject. Those who expect from the title a detailed study of a small area on the vast map outlined by Rashdall, will not be satisfied. The adjective "medieval" is misleading in this context, since it seems here to cover all the centuries from the thirteenth to the eighteenth. This, even allowing for the classic unresolved argument about the beginning and end of the Middle Ages, is an exaggerated term to set. The most important chapters do in fact deal with the scholars of Buchanan's and Melville's

generation, who lived on into the seventeenth century and whose careers were inevitably influenced by the conflict between the Old and the New Learning, the Catholic and the Reformed religion. If Mr. Fleming had adopted one or the other of these two general themes as a way of co-ordinating and arranging his material, to explain the men and ideas that linked Scotland and the Continent during that period, he would have expounded a fascinating subject.

As it is, the argument hardly reveals itself at all through the shapeless mass of narrative. The first chapters touch vaguely and inadequately on the founding of the Scots College in Paris, and the Sorbonne's connection with St. Andrews; the medieval curriculum of study is examined for a sentence or two, and then dismissed for certain gnomic remarks on the ultimate goal of learning or the character of the Scottish "lad o' pairts". Such sudden leaps from fact to speculation are baffling, and the equally abrupt return to some apparently unrelated anecdote about the various Scotsmen who travelled in France at one time or another—from Michael Scot the "wizard", to Quintin Crawford the dabbler in *belles lettres* at Louis XVI's court—comes as a relief and even as a pleasure. This at least is the raw material from which a balanced historical analysis could be drawn, and—however imperfectly presented—it still has the power of appealing to our imagination.

A Little Learning. By WINIFRED PECK. *Faber*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Lady Peck is a daughter of Bishop Knox and a sister of E. V. and Ronald Knox: one would have enjoyed, in her reminiscences of childhood, far more about the Knox family life than the entertaining scraps she allows herself (such as Ronald reading Virgil at six). Yet by sticking to her memories of education she has given us a document rich in value as well as entertainment. She went to many schools and touched extremes—samplers with a governess and the playing fields of St. Leonards; an antiquated ladies' academy at Eastbourne and the bracing, newly founded Wycombe Abbey, where there was "a prefect system and a sense of honour" and six pairs of high-necked long-sleeved combinations were *de rigueur*. She writes, too, of all the education out of school—readings aloud of Dickens, Scott, Jane Austen, private discoveries in poetry—and of formative emotional experiences, like the enchanted visits to Aston Hall in Birmingham, where as a child she day-dreamt herself back to the seventeenth century. Her last stage was Lady Margaret Hall—then a place which actually asked for students—and the book ends with a delightful picture of the first Principal, Miss Wordsworth. Learned herself—"Have you decided yet," she asked a startled fresher, reading history, "if you feel more at home with the spirit of Sophocles or Aeschylus?"—she saw no reason why a bluestocking should not also be a lady, and not necessarily a single one.

Winifred Knox liked most of her governesses and day schools, fitted happily into Wycombe Abbey, and was more than happy at Oxford, but she looks back on her experience with a shrewd and critical, as well as an affectionate eye. Clearly she knows a great deal about girls' schools and women's colleges to-day, and her comparisons between the aims and methods of now and fifty years ago, her good-humoured and well-informed balancing of losses and gains, add weight to a fresh and pleasant book.

The Book of the Sea Trout. By HAMISH STUART. *Cape*. 10*s*.

Enough, more than enough, has been published of fishermen's anecdotage. Those chapters which begin "According to Neil, my faithful ghillie, the day was impossible; but towards evening . . ." are painfully familiar. But the late Hamish Stuart's book on sea trout, written before World War I, long out of print and now republished, merited this new edition. For Stuart was not merely a skilled and knowledgeable angler, who did much rightly to popularise the use of light, single-handed rods for loch fishing; he took what he called a "broad view" of his favourite sport, and was ichthyologist as well as fisherman.

Some of his theories about salmon were highly controversial: he disputed vehemently the usually accepted view that the reproductive instincts in *Salmo salar* may be suspended long enough to enable it to remain as long as four or five years in the sea without returning to its river. But so far as the migratory *Salmo trutta* is concerned, Stuart combined accurate theoretical knowledge with years of practical experience of fishing in the days when the Hebrides were, even more than now, the sea trout fisherman's paradise. Perhaps the most interesting problem he discusses is whether there is any specific difference between a sea trout and a "bull" trout. It is a still unsettled controversy, to which this reviewer would merely contribute, from his personal experience, the fact that in one loch in the Western Highlands, where large "bull" trout of the *Ferox* type can be taken by spinning, the evidence is overwhelming that these fish were sea trout who ascended and were accidentally land-locked by the building of a dam.

Gardens. By SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS. *Burke*. 21*s*.

"The modern garden is so different from the old that we have not a great deal of use for garden history," says Sir William Beach Thomas in his introduction. It is surely a perverse point of view, and one that perhaps accounts for the shakiness of some of his own historical allusions. However, Sir William has produced what is, in effect, an anthology of extracts in prose and verse linked together by his own commentary. He has travelled the beaten track of European literature and has delved down an occasional by-way, but he seems to expect a rather high degree of ignorance in his readers. Most people probably know that Milton's *Paradise Regained* "is not in any sense horticultural." And among his own rare horticultural hints he remarks that roses are apt to be red and lilies white—"though," he adds conscientiously, "there are red lilies and white roses."

The quotations range from Homer to Ella Wheeler Wilcox—the great gardeners themselves are hardly drawn on at all. Among the many interesting illustrations, one comes with something of a shock on a coloured reproduction of Tintoretto's *Suzanna*. She is suffering sadly from jaundice and most of her garden, which takes up a large part of the original painting, has been eliminated in favour of herself. The book is well printed and well produced.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,177

Set by Eric Swainson

Rewrite any part of Hamlet's advice to the Players as one of the following might have written it: Sean O'Casey, J. M. Synge, Noel Coward, Terence Rattigan, J. B. Priestley, Peter Ustinov. Limit, 150 words. Entries by September 23.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,174

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for a fragment of conversation overheard at the Edinburgh Festival by any one of the following pairs—Boswell and Dr. Johnson, George Moore and Sir Edmund Gosse, Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle, or Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden.

Report by Thomas Tusher

On the whole, this entry was disappointing. Almost everyone attempted Boswell and the Doctor, though nobody managed to capture the authentic bow-wow strain. Perhaps Appletree came nearest to it.

"Come, Sir! You once commended the bag-pipe."

"Aye, when they let me put my car to the great drone. *The Highland Fair* might please me now, if t'were not a pastoral and therefore disgusting."

"What think you of Mr. Morgan's drama?"

"Why, that it has as much of dramatical art as a philosophic discussion between a curate and an ensign; and who would be auditor to such a debate? Either, Sir, I will argue it out with the best of them; or I will sleep."

For the most part, however, jokes about oatmeal and the "Athens of the North" abounded.

P. M.'s Jonson and Drummond ingeniously wove lines from their own works into the conversation:—

J.: Some music then?

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D : Stravinsky-Hindemith.
Such music's but a noise that sense confounds.
Like one whom a torpedo stupefies . . .

Prize money to be divided equally among the following.

BEN JONSON AND DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

DRUMMOND : Come, master Ben, what cheer today. What then of the antimasques, where the soldiers danced the jig? How say'st then of that?

JONSON : Toys, toys, to make the groundlings gawp. I had hoped they had sheared off their follies with their beards, but they cry out to see these cavaleroes leap over their swords as if they would like their armies manned by anticks.

DRUMMOND : Nay, but legerity in a warrior is no such bad thing, neither.

JONSON : Marry, I have known men who could outcaper these on a gaudy night, who yet slowed to a measure or a cinque-pace with the enemy before them. But here's the inn. To satisfy thy humour I'll confess the years not all ill-spent—had men learned nought else but to make such *aqua vitæ*. Ho, wifton!

ELAINE MORGAN

GEORGE MOORE AND SIR EDMUND GOSSE

MOORE : What is the joke Gosse? Tell me the joke!

GOSSE : Oh my dear Moore!

MOORE : Mayn't I share the joke? If there is a joke?

GOSSE : The joke, Moore, is that you, who think yourself the most sophisticated, are in fact the most innocent of men!

MOORE : But it was Yeats himself who explained it to me. He said that there are bits of tape sewn on to the tops of our drawers, and one threads one's braces through those. But if they don't *wear* braces with those kilts, I don't see how——

GOSSE : But, my dear Moore, they don't wear drawers with them, either!

L. E. J.

MR. AND MRS. CARLYLE

SHE : Well, Goodman, is not this a feather in our dear Edinburgh's cap?

HE : I'm no' caring about play-acting. Play-actors are naught but idlers and vagabonds, and ye ken weel what I'd dae wi' such trash.

SHE : You'd clap them in collars and chains and put them to digging the new roads!

HE : Ay. And I'd teach them to work faster and longer wi' the aid of a healthy laying-on of guid leather. And if after that physic they wouldna or couldna I'd shoot them out of hand and so rid the world of their plaguey carcases.

SHE : Actors are only idle when they cannot obtain work. That's not their fault, poor things. Would you whip and shoot *all* idlers, Tom?

HE : Ye ken fine I would.

SHE : Lady Ashburnham, for instance?

HE : Don't be daft, wumman. Is not that Lord and Lady Ashburnham yonder?

SHE : Very likely. Why are you rising, Tom?

HE : JUST to ha'e a word wi' my friend Eckermann.

SHE : *(frowning)* He's in the box next to Lady Ashburnham's.

HE : I didna set him there!

SHE : Then do not, I beg, go to the Ashburnham's box while I'm left here for all the world to see. Everyone knows she wears you like an unpolished diamond on her plump white finger.

HE : I'm for a word wi' Eckermann. I've told ye.

(But when the curtain rises he is standing behind Lady Ashburnham's chair.)

SHE : *(bitterly)* My poor, silly, ridiculous, unpolished, exasperating fool!

JENNY FETHERSTON

CHESS : Tit for Tat

No. 154

It is pleasing enough valiantly to resist a strong attack, then gradually to obtain the upperhand, and finally to drive an irresistible counter-attack to a successful conclusion. But it is more exhilirating to have all these actions and counteractions compressed in a brief span of high tension, a breathless mêlée with both sides throwing caution to the wind and going for one another, hell for leather. Usually this happens when aggressive opponents castle on different wings; but here (Bisik-Naegeli, 1936), Black had no time (nor need) for it in his desperate fling to save himself by fierce counter-thrust.

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(9) P-B4	P-Kt4
(2) Kt-KB3	P-K3	(10) P-K5!	PxP
(3) P-Q4	PxP	(11) BxP ch!	PxB
(4) KtxP	Kt-KB3	(12) Kt(4)xKtP	Q-Kt3
(5) Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(13) PxP	RxP!
(6) B-KKt5	B-K2	(14) K-Kt1	Kt-K5!
(7) Q-Q2	P-QR3	(15) KtxKt	RxP ch!
(8) O-O-O	Q-B2	(16) KxR	QxKtch

Black has saved himself into a perpetual check; on the 14th move the R, of course, was taboo on account of (14) . . . Kt-K5 (15) Kt-Q6 ch, QxKt! (16) PxQ, BxB, etc. But White might have won by (14) PxKt, R-R8 ch (15) Kt-Kt1, PxP (16) Q-B3! B-Q2 (17) Kt-Q6 ch! BxKt (18) QxP, etc.

Now here is a game played nearly 100 years ago with the legendary Max Lange (White) as the hero of the piece, the very man whose famous attack seems so irresistible when one has to face it while it hardly ever quite comes off when one attempts it. Here, though, he doesn't get a chance to play a "Max Lange" because his opponent goes in for a fierce counter-gambit right from the start; but he doesn't treat the opening very well, on the 7th move he misses a chance of swopping queens, and thereafter he develops an appetite bound to cause indigestion. In the final stage it is not so much a case of "tat" but rather one of White being materially tattered and Black positionally torn. This is the game.

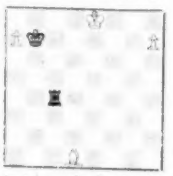
The New Statesman and Nation September 13, 1952

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(9) Q-B7 ch	KxKt
(2) Kt-KB3	P-Q4	(10) Kt-B3	QxR
(3) KtxP	PxP	(11) KtxP ch	K-K4
(4) B-B4	Q-Kt4	(12) Q-Q5 ch	K-B5
(5) KtxP	QxKtP	(13) Q-KKt5 ch	KxKt
(6) Q-R5	QxR ch	(14) P-Q3 ch	K-Q5
(7) K-K2	QxB	(15) Q-K3 mate	
(8) Kt-Q6 ch	K-Q2		

A : Klemm 1948

In this week's competition **A** may well be overrated even with 4 points; but it should be useful in sharpening the combinative faculties of inexperienced competitors: it is a game-position in which White brought about his opponent's immediate downfall by acquiring his Q for the inadequate purchase price of R and Kt. No less instructive (and quite generously rated with 6 points) is **B**, a neat little end-game study; I might make it easier still by the hint that the P at QR7 is a very useful helpmate for White to win. As for **C**, though I do not feel at all generous in rating it 7 points; it may well provide a headache even for our crack-solvers. White is to win; it is, in fact, a mate in 8. Usual prizes. Entries by Sept. 22.

B : Dr. Wotava 1950



C : A. Gurvicz 1947

REPORT ON COMPETITION

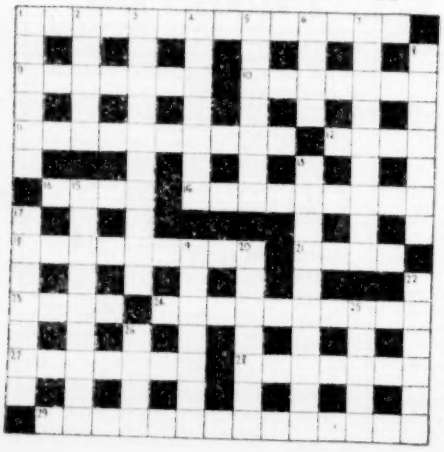
Set August 23

A: (1) B-R4, K-R7 (2) B-R7, K-R8 (3) B-R3, followed by B-Kt2 and Kt-B3.
If (1) . . . Kt-B4 (2) B-B6 ch, K-R7. (3) Kt-B3 ch, K-R6. (4) B-R7, winning the Kt.
If (2) . . . Kt-Kt6 (3) K-B8 ch, followed by B-R3, etc.
The temptation (1) B-Kt4? is refuted by (1 . . . Kt-Kt6!) (2) B-R3, Kt-K7! (or (2) B-Q6, Kt-B4) (3) B-K5 ch, K-R7. (4) B-Kt2, Kt-Kt3 ch!).
B: (1) B-R1! (2) R-R2, Q-Kt2! In the game Menchik-Alekhine, Hastings 1933.
C: (1) B-R8? P-Kt5. (2) Q-Kt7, etc.
If (1) . . . R-QR1 or K-R7. (2) Q-QB3, etc.
If (1) . . . P-B6. (2) Q x P, etc.

As was to be expected, almost everybody solved **B** and **C**, but quite a few competitors fell for the "temptation" in **A** or were otherwise stumped by that study. Prizes shared by C. H. Brown, E. W. Carmichael, R. Chandra, F. N. Taylor and C. R. Worthing. Too many other correct solutions to mention them all. Entries for our new study competition have begun to come in; as for various inquiries about terms, see Aug. 16 issue.

ASSIAC.

Week-end Crossword No. 13



ACROSS

1. Flowers not found on commons? (5, 3, 6).
9. Film star may hang round one's neck (7).
10. Does it spoil the entrance to the Channel? (7).
11. Inappropriate victim of short-sighted policy? (10).
12. Soft little bit left on the left (4).
14. Depression in 8 (4).
16. Augustus the poet (9).
18. The railways seem to be working smoothly after returning me to be involved (9).
21. A vote cast after a lie which was out of order (4).
23. Shakespearian character in 24 (4).
24. Where there is confusion between the letter and the laws (4, 6).
27. Put an end to lawlessness and make war (7).
28. The sound of a taxi interrupting a broken affair of the heart (7).
29. A command to sword-drill? (14).

DOWN

1. Shiny part of an animal's body? (6).
2. Concerned with a play by Capek? (5).
3. Surprising result of having a vast ration (10).
4. They have no use for dressers (7).
5. To stagger on with a little work with nothing at the end of it (7).
6. Room for development (4).
7. Return greetings, speak softly, and so fade away (9).
8. He often stops at work (7).
13. I undergo being surrounded by broken elastic (10).
15. Adorn (9).
17. Town not in county of the same name (7).
19. The backward study of a tragic hero nevertheless appears to be scholarly (7).
20. Preserve by taking out the insides? (7).
22. Guides animals (6).
25. To be put back to bed (5).
26. Fare list (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 12

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STUDENT wishing to bathe-sit, offered bedsitting room with gas ring at £1 per week. Highgate. Box 3376.

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MAN offd. acc. s/c bath. flat, Lancaster Gate, tel., 6Bs. inc. Mod. Box 3231.

COMF. home offered students, etc. All nationalities, double study bedrooms, h. & c., lounge with television. 45 Rosenthal Road, Catford, S.E.6. (HIT. 3267.)

LONDON Friendship Centre. Accommodation is available for semi-permanent residents of all nationalities. Apply Warden, "Peace Haven," Creswick Rd., Acton, W.3.

SWISS Cottage, 9 Belsize Sq., N.W.3. Large much-admired div. rm. Excellent atmosphere. Gas ring. Meals opt. £3 p.w. FRI. 1418.

WELL-furn. sgle. bed-sit.-rm. Bloomsbury Park. Gas ring, rent. Phone WH. 1644.

MUSWELL Hill, N.10. 2 partly-furn. bedsitting rooms and lavatory. One as kit. Lady in full-time employment only. Tudor 8360.

REALLY cosy room to quiet, prof. person in mod. flat, cons. h. & c., gas ring, use kit., 2gns. Shoot-up Hill, B'bus line. Box 16 & 66 outside Gts. 5364 bet. 10-7.

SINGLE room to let, fir. No service. Clapham South. BAT. 3565.

LADY going abroad will sub-let comfortably furnished room. Linen, cooking & bath. room. Chelsea. 3Bs. weekly. Six months' rent required in advance. Box 3491.

BARNES side Hammersmith Bridge: fully furnished Victoria flat, c.h.w., wall-to-wall carpets throughout, refrigerator, telephone. Available end September. Box 3497.

LGE. grnd. floor divan room, plant. aspect, h. & c. basin, ckg. fac. Use bathrm. 2 mins. Finchley Rd. & Hampstead Heath. 2½gns. 50, Hemstead Lane, N.W.2. HAM. 9830.

SC. comfortably furnished flat (2-bedsitting, kitchen/dining room, bath, W.C.) to let or to let at reduced rent to mature young lady with girl of 8 at school all day. Write Every, 156 Campden Hill Rd., W.8.

HOTEL. Part of furnished house to let, or separate rooms. L.N.E.R. 18 miles from London. Box 3373.

N. DEVON. Furn. cottage to let Sept.-mid winter. Mod. rent. Box 3464.

SURREY wishes exchange s/c Highgate flat, 2 rms., k. & b. for larger or small house across fair transport. Box 3385.

COUPLE expecting child want urgently 3 rooms min. Unfurn. To near London. References exchanged. Box 3388.

3 PROF. adults need almost attic, mews, etc., to make habitable. Not permanent. Easy Charing Cross. Box 3450.

SISTERS, 22, 25, grads. req. acc., pref. semi-furn. W./N.W. London. Box 3339.

FEMALE medical student needs divan room. Use kitchen. Chest. University College Hospital. Box 3410.

GIRL stud., 19, Jewish, seeks accom. in Golders Green/mod. N.W. London area, providing bed-sit. & eve. meal. Box 3396.

PROF. lady, Camb. graduate, requires room and cooking facilities central London, etc. Box 3326.

AMERICAN academic, admitted, wife, 3 child., req. semi-furn. hse. acc. Oxford or adjacent, up to 12 mths. Box 3260.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, Latest Edition, tempting sacrifice. 100,000 Handbook Allusions, all Topics, Authors, Sketches, Rosenberg, Keeling & Storey, Archives. Complete set Jan. 1, 1943 (to Sept. 30, 1951, in original binding-cases, 4 vols. as new). £30 carriage paid. Encyclopædia Britannica (1946): 14th, 20-5, & 24, 1947-52; Saints Stained-glass, 1946; old Cretan violin, 1690s; 1946 Morris Eight, 1,395; Chinese Carpet, 10ft. x 6ft. 9in., £50; 4-in. temperate Semi, 3 piece, £46; Portable typewriter Continental keyboard; Beck Microscope, Objectives 1 inch, £30.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Head of Television Documentaries, with direct responsibility to Controller, Television Programmes, for programme output and standards of the Documentary Section. Duties include (a) allocation and supervision of work of Documentary Producers and Scriptwriters and maintenance of optimum output, (b) Development of the Documentary Section and of programme ideas, techniques and scrips writing, (c) General administration of the Section. Considerable practical experience in documentary field, either in documentary films or radio features, are required. Experience in both an advantage. The ideal candidate should combine creative ability with ability to control and administer staff and resources. Salary £1,445 per annum (may be higher for an exceptionally experienced and qualified candidate) with 5 annual increments to £1,940 maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "H.Tel.D., N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclosed stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Reporter in News Division in London. Candidates (preferably 25-45 years of age) must have wide general knowledge of current affairs, good news sense, journalistic experience and ability to write accurate concise paragraphs for bulletins, and to broadcast their own reports in News Talks programmes. They must be prepared at short notice to undertake assignments outside the United Kingdom. Staff experience as a reporter on a daily paper would be valuable. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,330 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "R.N.D., N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, Australia. Applications are invited for the following appointments that will vacant at the end of 1952 following the appointment of the present holders to higher posts in other Universities: 1. Reader in Law. 2. Lecturer in Philosophy. 3. Lecturer in Geology. 4. Lecturer in Bacteriology. Salary scales: Reader, £1,750-£2,150 (£1,450); Lecturer £680-£50-£1,000. In each case a cost of living allowance, at present £225 a year, is payable in addition. A candidate for the Readership in Law must have a sound knowledge of Australian Constitutional Law. Terms of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Application in duplicate giving the particulars and accompanied by the documents specified in the terms of appointment, should reach the undersigned not later than October 15, 1952. A.W. Bampton, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

MENTAL Deficiency. London County Council requires Organiser of Occupation Centres to supervise work and staff of 17 centres. Must be qualified and have experience of teaching and training subnormal and mentally deficient children and adults. Salary scale £720-£837, commencing according to experience. Application form and details from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D/1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date Sept. 27. (8491)

PSYCHOLOGICAL Testers required for H.M. Prisons in London and the Midlands. Duties, under the direction of a Medical Officer or Psychologist, involve the carrying out of intelligence and aptitude tests both individually and in groups. Salary scales: (London) men, £479 by 4 increments to £495 per annum; women, £346 by 4 increments to £401 per annum. Outside London slightly less. The minimum of £429 (men), £346 (women), is linked to age 24. The starting pay of new entrants will be reduced by 1 increment for each year under that age at the date of appointment. Posts are non-pensionable. Application form and regulations from the Establishment Officer (E.81.4.14), Prison Commission, Dean Ryle St., Westminster, S.W.1, to be returned by Sept. 27, 1952.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council, Children's Department. Housemaster required at Risley Hall School, near Derby (Intermediate Approved School for 110 boys). Candidates should possess a Social Science Certificate but other candidates with suitable experience will be considered. Ability to organise and take part in recreational activities, games, handicrafts, drama and music is necessary. Minimum salary £305-£480 according to age. Max. £335 to £570 p.a. Deduction of £78 p.a. for board residence. Only single quarters available. Application forms and further particulars from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. K. Tweedale Meyby, Clerk of the County Council.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in London. Permanent, up to £8 temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s. 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant House Father at Littlegreen, Compton, the County Council's Home for about 65 related children between the ages of 2 and 15 years. Littlegreen is run on "family" lines and the person appointed would be responsible, jointly with an Assistant House Mother, for an all-age group of 16 boys and girls. Friendly, non-institutional atmosphere. Applicants should be interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes and should either hold the Home Office, Child Care Certificate, or have had wide experience in the residential care of children. Salary £278 5s. per annum, from which £35 12s. will be deducted for board and lodging. Good holidays. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

SHROPSHIRE Education Committee. Area Youth Officer.—The Committee are about to make a first appointment as Youth Officer for North-East Shropshire. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women, especially those with wide and successful experience of work in Secondary Schools. The person appointed will be required to recruit, train and advise voluntary youth leaders, to secure adequate provision for youth organisations of all types throughout the area, and to achieve high standards of leisure-time activities, including an element of informal further education. Essential qualifications are a good educational background, experience of the leisure-time needs of young people, and good organising ability. Teaching experience or specialist qualifications in music or drama would be an advantage. Salary is the Burnham scale for Assistants, with a special allowance of £50 and travelling expenses on the Authority's scale. Form of application and further particulars will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. The closing date for applications is September 26. H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

THE Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood, has a vacancy for a residential House Mother to take charge of a small family group of children during the school hours. Experience in youth work desirable. Salary £200 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to £370 per annum, plus full residential emoluments. Pension scheme. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Application form from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., London, S.W.16.

SOCIAL Service Organisation, progressive, wants effective case-worker, good typing and shorthand, able correspondent; administrative prospects. No old-fashioned home visitor type, and none compensating for the inadequacy of their own life should apply. Apply in own hand, age and present salary. Electrical Industries Benevolent Association, 32 Old Bortlington St., London, W.1.

LONDON Organisation, working for Israel and developing a membership drive, requires interviewer. Applicants should have sound knowledge of Israeli affairs and possess good personality with ability to interview business executives. Box 3468.

WARDEN for Old People's Home, Putney, opening shortly. Apply in writing, stating age, qualifications, names of three referees during Sept. to Estate Manager, 91 Dawes Road, London, S.W.6.

LADY graduate (or equivalent standard), 25-35, required to work two evenings weekly in office of London postal college, typing an advantage but not essential; good knowledge of current affairs; £2. State age, education, experience. Box 3472.

FROEBEL teacher required, October, for small group of seven- to nine-year-old children. Music and Nature Study interests essential. Box 3489.

AUTHORESS reqs. secretary over 25. Literary knowl. and ability to proof read. Love of writing essential. Box 3468.

WANTED, Blacksmith for country work. Box 3388.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADVERTISER, Scottish public school, age 37, speaking Danish, Swedish, German, French, at present in Malaya, seeks change to temperate climate. Previous experience includes 5 years army intelligence demobilised major, 2 years journalism as foreign correspondent, 9 years timber trade from sawmill trainee to company director. Thorough knowledge all European countries, Canada and Malaya. First-class organiser full of initiative. Present income £1,750 but would consider slightly less to start. Continental residence preferred. Interesting proposals to Box 3287.

OXFORD Graduate and Public School Man, single, 35, varied professional experience in Church and Schools, widely travelled in Europe and Africa, seeks for an opportunity to work in another sphere where intelligence, common sense and keen-ness is appreciated. Administrative or organising work or any other suitable post, home or abroad. Box 3414.

GRAD. in Physics. 15 yrs. service in food laboratory techniques, seeks managerial or advisory post in Food Co. Box 3407.

PERSONABLE young woman, travelled, welfare experience, some sec., reqs. socially interesting work. Box 3411.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MEDICAL Research librarian and bibliographer available soon. Experienced all branches of medicine, clinical and experimental. Linguist. Consider temporary or permanent work. First-rate references. Box 3367.

SINGAPORE. English girl, secretarial experience at home and abroad, seeks post as Stenographer Secretary in Singapore. Available for interview in London till middle October. Box 3426.

WIDELY travelled woman seeks employment where personality and adaptability are assets. Experience of exhibitions, writing, housekeeping and children. Box 2749.

ADAPTABLE yng. writer sks. job. No A.S. Typing. Consider anything. Box 3483.

PERSONNEL Officer (L.) 28. Social Sc. Graduate, 8 yrs. North West, seeks progressive post London South Adrein. work where experience valuable. Box 3342.

QUALIFIED woman teacher with 6 months old boy seeks post with family, teaching or otherwise. Box 3303.

YOUNG man, 20, seeks employment where good knowledge of French can be used. Willing to work in France. Box 3466.

GRADUATE lady pianist, 21, seeks post family help W. London where can continue piano practice. End of Sept. Box 3453.

SOLICITOR (26), common law, advocacy, conveyancing, seeks post Leeds, Bradford or West Riding. Box 3371.

WOMAN grad., B.Sc. (Econ.), public school, shorthand, three years' exp. journalism, versatile, seeks opening. Box 3479.

POST in family or school, with some free time, wanted by music stud. Exptl. teaching, care of children. Ex. ref. Box 3369.

EXP. Sec., 31, gd. appearance, educ., used responsib., sks. post. Box 3397.

WHERE TO STAY

CORNWALL. Trebarrock Manor & Farm, Jersey herd. Reserve now for September, October and November, when surf-bathing excellent and "Indian Summer" weather lovely. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Heffernan. Excel. cuisine, all comforts gtd. Port Isaac 254.

HYTHE, Kent. Stade Court Hotel. A.A. (3 star), on sea front. H. & C. all bedrooms. Cent. Htg., lift, divan beds. Every comfort. 8-10gns. p.w. Apply Manageress for brochure. Hythe 67146.

ROBERT Beatty, Ursula Bloom, Marie Burke, Sir Lewis Casson, Lou: Goldine, Naomi Jacob, Ted Kavanagh, Alastair Sim, Dame Sybil Thorndike and George Wood suggest you spend your next Holiday, long or short, at Sea View Hotel, 23 Tisbury Rd., Hove. Tel.: Hove 38557. Few double and single rms. available winter mths. from 6gns. wkly.

BOOK now for Sept., Oct. at congenial private hotel in resort medically commended for late holidays (mild; sunny; sheltered). Informative brochure free on request. £5 5s. to £8 weekly, inclusive early tea, 4 meals daily, coffee, baths, fresh fruit daily. Twin beds; Slumberlands. h. & c. Two comfortable lounges. Well appointed throughout. Fully booked 1st autumn; recommended by New Statesman readers also members various movements. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best position facing South, near Sun-Lounge (orchestra daily). Opposite covered walk. 3 mile promenade. Phone Hastings 4784.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Modern standard of comfort, farm produce and an understanding of good food and wine. Vacancies from Sept. 20 to Oct. 18. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

SOUTH Cornwall. Restful holidays in country house on river Fowey. Secluded, all modern comfort, 100-acre farm, T.T. Jersey herd, excellent food, river bathing, fishing, rough shooting, close to sea and beaches. 14 guests only. Inclusive terms from mid-September 8gns. Bed and breakfast 12s. 6d. Brochure. Mrs. Wheeler, Penquite, Golant, Par, Cornwall. Phone Fowey 124.

BEAUTIFUL Wye Valley, with Autumn tints, good food and modern comforts at the Old Farmhouse, Llandogo, near Tintern, Mon. Vacancies Sept., Oct., and Xmas.

PAYING guests welcomed modernised farmhouse, ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Terms on application. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Shropshire.

IDEAL for late autumn holidays. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with h. & c. and gas fires, delightful surroundings, cosy evenings round the fire.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 8gns. wkly. from October 1st. Tel. 1448.

SOCIALIST hotel for Socialist guests, "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. Tel. Hastings 4551.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

FOR Peace and Quiet in lovely surroundings stay at Farringford in the Isle of Wight. Enjoy brisk sea air, wonderful scenery and perfect service at Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.O.W. Phone 312. Details: Manager.

LONDON: Beautiful Thames Valley—Richmond. Charming h.c. flat, river, 15m. 20 min. Strand. B.B. 12s. 6d. Lyndon, Athol Rd., St. Margarets, Mdx. POP. 4740.

NEAR Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans; charming modern Guest House in lovely country; London 24 miles. Telephone Jordans 2155.

RYE. The Hope Anchor Hotel. A.A. approved, licensed. Perfect setting for Summer and Autumn holidays. Rye 2216.

WINTER holidays in the sun. Excellent food. Moderate prices. Good fishing & bathing. Mediterranean fishing village. Anglo-French proprietors. Hostellerie du Gros Pin, Le Rouet, Var.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A friendly & comfortable country house in secluded grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Approved. 71-81gns. Tel. 3155.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTAC, the time and money saving Hotel Accom. Service, 90 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Ullswater, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards. Table Tennis. Licensed. Iron Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Barnes's friendly hotel on Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort, too. Old Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

SUSSEX. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, for quiet week-end or long stay. Comfort and good food. Phone Horsham Rd. 32.

DEVON & Cornwall. Autumn holidays in well recommended Guest Houses. Reduced inclusive terms from 95s. week Devon, £5 Cornwall, after September 15. Brochure 1S free. Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish. Tel. 2951.

SIMPLE accom. friendly people, quiet Pennine valley, bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From Mgrs. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Helsden Bridge.

SOLITUDE to work. Writers and others can winter in 16th Century cottage overlkg. sea. Dinner, bed, brkfst. and own sit.-room, 4gns. Mrs. de Linde, Little Larzen Cottage, Polperro, Nr. Looe, Cornwall. Phone Polp. 58.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms, Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 344.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

HAZEL Postons offers prompt, personal and efficient Typewriting Service. MSS., Short Stories, Plays, Theses, etc. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe. Telephone 390.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI 7479.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

LENA Dawson will carry out your occasional secretarial work with efficiency. Own typewriter. Complete knowledge of accounts, etc. BOW 4513.

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511-2.

TYPING wanted, by 2 young girls, to do in spare time. J. Keldon & N. Beasley, 7 Percival Gardens, Chadwell Heath, Essex.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., etc. Moderate fees. MAI 2659.

DUPLICATING typing verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY 1786.

AUTHORS' MSS., Scripts, Theses carefully typed. Business documents copied. Mrs. Taylor, 34 Peel St., W.8. PARk 5504.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

DUPLCTG typg. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765. MOU. 1701.

100 accurate verbatim records; competitive rates. Rapid Reporting, 12 Stanmer's Rd., E.1. AMH. 1204, STE. 3303.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 8 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

BALLETS Negres. 20th Century Theatre, W.11. Last 8 perfs. Evgs. 8. New Pallets. Berto Pasuka. PAR. 9582.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun. 9.0. "Just Lately," an intimate late-night Revue. Mems. 5s.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30, Sun. 6.0. Grand Guignol. Mems.

ARTS. Fen. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), St., Sun., 5 & 8. Alec Clunes in Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell." Two weeks only. Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "Mild & Bitter." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

FILM Show, Holborn Hall, Sat., Sept. 20, 7.30. "Village Revolt" (Czech Comedy) and "David" (Welsh Miners). Members and members' guests only: 2s. advance, 2s. 6d. on day. S.A.E. New Era Film Soc., 40 Berwick St., W.1.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Sept. 14, 7.30. "Au Royaume des Bieux" (A).

"CITIZEN KANE." Hammersmith Film Society's Fourth Season opens with this important revival, 7.30, Sept. 25. The seven programmes include Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Scarface, Council of the Gods, Mother, Intruder in the Dust, Pather Panchali, Kind Hearts and Coronets, etc., also short films, lectures, discussions. Ann. subs. 15s., guest tickets 2s. 6d. (advance only). Parties., Sec., Hammersmith Town Hall, W.6.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 14. Becket's "Edouard et Caroline" (A). From Sept. 15: Becker's "Antoine et Antoinette" (A). Mystic Beach (U).

SECOND showing in Britain—great new Chinese film "Sons and Daughters" (English Sub-titles). Also beautiful new colour film "Along the Yangtze," Friday, September 26, 7.30 p.m. Islington Town Hall. Mrs. Hewlett Johnson will be present. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d., available from the Britain-China Friendship Association, 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2, or at the door.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sept. 25 at 7.30. First public performance. Vivaldi's Opus IX No. 1 (Cetra). Louis Kaufman, Goldsbrough Orchestra. 10s. to 2s. 6d. WAT 3191.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Visit S.S. Oronsay at Tilbury Sept. 16 by river launch from Charing Cross. (Paintings, murals and carpets by English and Australian artists.) Lunch and tea served. 30s. for members; apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery.

SUN., Sept. 14 at 8 p.m. Int. Yth. Centre Social, 13 Chelsea Embankment. (W. African Students' Union.) Facing Fest. Gdns. 2s.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

ALL the fun of the fair. British Peace Committee Garden Party. Conjuring, puppet shows, toffee apples, ice cream. Special attraction: Square dancing. Side shows. Sat., Sept. 13, 2.30 onwards. King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11. (By kind permission.) Adm. Adults 6d., Children Free. Valuable prizes.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art Paintings Craft. R.I. Galls., 195 Piccadilly W.1. 10-5 till Sept. 29. 1s. Child 6d.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Five Young Contemporaries and Recent Work by Hugh MacKinnon.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. "Names to Remember." Second Version. Closing September 20.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté—"Choix des plus Belles Fleurs"—140 original colour engravings. New Gallery—Selection of Modern French Masters. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30.

POTTERY and Textiles by Artist Craftsmen in Great Britain, 1950-52. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till October 8. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat., 10-6., Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise Part II. Paintings, drawings, sculp. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

INDIAN Painting & Culture, Jamini Roy & others. Holborn Hall, Saturday, Sept. 13, 14 & 15. Admission 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Sculpture by Alexander Jaray. Until October 3.

KOKOSCHKA. Exhibition Drawings and Graphik Art. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Daily 10-6. Sunday 2-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Earl Haig, continuation of the Summer Exhibition. Hours 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Exhibition closes September 27.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party at Tate Gallery Sept. 24. Preview to Arts Council Epstein Exhibition; also Degas from Edinburgh, on view. Members apply for tickets 12s. 6d.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Vilmo Gibello. Paintings by Nano Reid. Until October 4.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays.

OLD Tithe Barn, Ashford-in-the-Water, Nr. Bakewell, Derbyshire. Mrs. Wertheim's Collection. Modern paintings, sculpture and 17th Cent. paintings. 10s. inc. Subs. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LORD Boyd Orr, Peter Ustinov, Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, M.P., Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P., Henry Usborne, M.P., Congressman Powell (U.S.A.), and Chairman Mr. Gerald McAllister. Kingsway Hall, Sept. 25, 6.45 p.m., on "Let's Create a World Government." Adm. free, resvd. seats 2s. 6d., resvd. area 1s. This Parliamentary Group for World Govt., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Sept. 20, at 6 p.m. M. E. Lofice: "L'Anglais, creature sentimentale."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10): Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Sept. 18, 7.30 p.m. "Cosmology." All welcome.

MALAYA. Racial Unity meeting on Malaya. Council Hall, Derneut Hse., Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, 7, Fri., Sept. 19.

VIETNAM. Independence Day—British, Vietnam, French Speakers. Vietnam songs and music. Chairman, Commander E. Young. Small Conway Hall, 8 p.m., Sept. 17.

LONDON Jewish Graduates Assoc. Mon., Sept. 15. Mr. David Diringer on "The Origins of the Hebrew People." Arts Theatre Club, 5-6 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

POETS' Corner Winter Meetings 1952-3 at the "Princes Head" close to the Central Hall, S.W.1, every Sunday from 7-9.45 p.m. from Oct. 5. Next at "Marlborough Head," N. Audley St., W. Present fixtures Weds., Oct. 8, 15, 22, 7-10 p.m. No charge. Collection. Volunteer readers.

SHAW Society: Peter Coke and Ellen Pollock in readings from "The Apple Cart," at Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Sept. 19, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. Autumn prog.: 45 Steepiestone Close, London, N.18.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Sept. 17, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Britain and the Undeveloped Areas." Speaker: G. P. Hayes (Research worker P.E.P.). Admission 2s.

INTERNATIONAL Yth Centre invite you to Isobel Cripps Centre for talk by the principal, Thursday, Sept. 18 at 8 p.m., 18 Landdowne Rd., Holland Park, W.11.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sept. 14. Archibald Robertson, M.A. "Christian Morals and Rationalism." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Sept. 12, Dr. E. C. Millington. "Part Time Education."

DO You Want To Be an M.P.? Hampstead Parliament is now enrolling members for the 55th Session. All Parties and Independents. You are equally welcome whether or not you wish to take part in debates. Meetings, Town Hall, Wednesdays, 8.15 p.m. Secretary, 29 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

SEX Education Society, 7.30 p.m., Thurs., Sept. 25, Mary Ward Settlement Hall, 5-7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1. Lawrence Alloway on "The Sexual Basis of Art." Admission, non-members 2s. Enquiries with S.A.E. to Sec. 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. (WEL. 7840.)

SUTTON Fabian Soc. James Griffiths, M.P. "Socialism for To-day." Chair: Ritchie Calder. Tu., Sep. 16, 8.0. Small Public Hall, Sutton. Free. Non-mbrs. 1s. 6d. This Sec., 88 Benhill Wood Rd., Sutton.

LE Club du Faubourg 6a, New Compton St. Tel. TEM. 9003. Eugene Ravet: "Lexistentialisme n'est pas negatif." 6 p.m. Wednesday, September 17. Non-mems. welcome.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2. (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. Sept. 14: "Theosophy's Teaching on Yoga."

ALL Nations Social Club. The Challenge of Asia. "Pakistan speaks to the People of All Nations" by S. Hyder (head of Chancery, Pakistan office) by courtesy of His Excellence the High Commissioner. Thursday, September 18, 8 p.m., etc.

STOP Malan! South Africa Protest Meeting. William Gallacher, John Mahon, John Horner. Holborn Hall, Mon., Sept. 22, 7.30. Adm. 6d. at door. Org. by London Dist. Communist Pty., 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

LUNCH Hour talks, Caxton Hall, Tuesdays, 1.10, Sept. 16: "States of Consciousness." Sept. 23: "Reading from Eastern Mystics." Sept. 30: "Yoga, a sane way of life."

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University Extension Courses. The following are some of the evening courses arranged for the Session 1952-53, commencing in September: The Philosophy of Religion; Physics, and Chemistry applied to Horticulture; Peoples and Problems of Africa; Health and Environment in Infancy and Childhood; The Physical Basis of Thinking; English Gothic Architecture. Many other University Extension Courses, some residential, will be held at Centres in London and the Home Counties. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Extra-Mural Department, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures—Background of Bible Study, Christian Concept of Man, Christian Evidences and Christian Organisation, Equality, the Idea and the Problem, Ethics, Introduction to Psychology, Logic and Epistemology, Philosophy of Science. Prosp. from Registrar, Newman Assocn., 31 Portman Sq., W.1. WEL. 9958.

ARCHITECTURE. Town Planning and the Citizen. Week-end School org. by Cent. London Fabian Soc. at Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sept. 19-21. Speakers include O. H. Koenigsberger, Max Lock, Bovey and Feilks Pugeski. Send s.a.e. with booking to Mrs. Dram, 87 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London, N.W.3.

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Sept. 19-22: I Define my Religion. Seton Pollock. Sept. 26-29: Does it Matter What We Do? I. N. Glasier. Details from Secy. Checkendon 221.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 22. (Enrolment 5.00-8 Sept. 15-19.) Evening lectures and classes for men and women in Politics, Economics, Current Affairs, English Language and Literature, Philosophy and Psychology, Science, Music, Theatre School, Art, Languages, Physical Training, Fencing and Dancing. Fees from 12s. 6d. a year. Details from Secretary (Wat. 6872).

GOLDSMITHS' College, New Cross, S.E.14. Evening classes begin September 22 (enrolment Sept. 15-19). University Extension and Diploma courses (Economics, Social Theory, Literature, History, Geography, Biblical Studies, History of Art). Tutorials. Languages (12, in 40 classes, inc. Gaelic). Music (34 classes). Parties. from Warden.

NATURE Cure "Indian Summer" School. Oct. 5-11. Lectures, Discussions, Demonstrations and Social evenings. Parties. from the Sec., Blundum House, Beds.

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LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religious School, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8. New Term begins Sunday, September 21, at 10 a.m., when the Principal will be pleased to enrol new pupils. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses of religious instruction for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply to the School Secretary.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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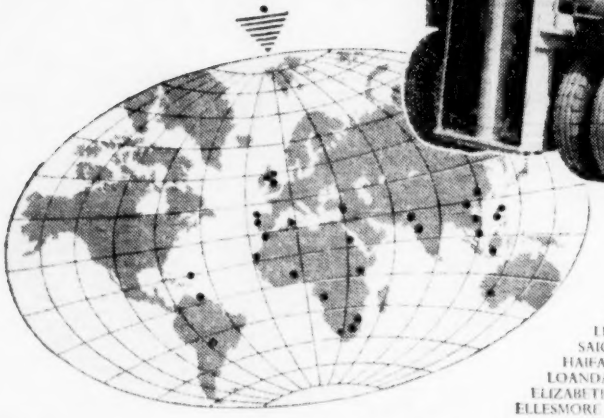

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornmill Press Ltd., 10 Percy Gardens, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.